

The Critic

ELEVENTH YEAR. VOL. XV. No. 370. THE CRITIC, No. 467. NEW SERIES. GOOD LITERATURE, No. 525.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1891.

THE CRITIC CO. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

A NEW EDITION OF THE PASSION PLAY

NOW READY, UNDER THE TITLE OF

"The Story that Transformed the World,"

Or the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in 1890. By W. T. STEAD. Formerly Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette." With the text of the Play in German, and a translation and description in English, in parallel columns; together with a reproduction, by special permission, of many of the original photographs. In the New Edition, the text, German and English, has been thoroughly revised, and additional illustrations are given, completing the series published this year. They make the volume a permanent and unique memorial of what seems likely to be the last performance of the Passion Play in Europe.

In addition to these reproductions of the photographs of the Play, the volume contains several views of Ober-Ammergau, Ettal, and neighborhood, especially photographed for this publication.

"This is no common guide-book or version of the Passion Play. That it comes from Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is a guarantee enough that it is accurate, thorough, and done as no other man alive could or would do it."—*The Independent*, N. Y.

"The industrious ex-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has made a book, 'The Passion Play as It Is Played To-day,' which carries out the promise of its title as none other does."—*The Evening Post*, N. Y.

"A well constructed and beautifully illustrated book. He not only gives the German and English text of the play in parallel columns; but also tells how to get to Ober-Ammergau, describes the town, gives the history of the play and the names of the performers and specimens of the music."—*Chicago Interior*.

"The thanks of every one who is visiting or is to visit Ober-Ammergau, and, indeed, of all the reading public, are due to Mr. Stead; as a literary *tour de force* his book is a remarkable product."—*Christian Union*.

"All who have already visited the famous spot and witnessed its sacred spectacle will prize the book as the best of its sort now existing."—*Congregationalist*.

"A book of remarkable interest. The reader can get a very fair idea of the whole performance from this book."—*Chicago Advance*.

"THE STORY THAT TRANSFORMED THE WORLD," beautifully bound in cloth, quarto, gilt top, containing more than one hundred illustrations (many of them full-page), by mail, post-paid to any address, for \$1.25.

Portraits and Autographs.

Edited by WILLIAM T. STEAD, Editor of "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

Contains 136 full-page portraits of distinguished men and women of all nationalities, accompanied in most cases with autograph letters. Among the prominent names represented are Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales, Cardinal Newman, Gladstone, Marquis of Salisbury, Cardinal Manning, Pope Leo XIII., Cardinal Rampolla, Marquis of Lansdowne, Parnell, Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Paget, General Wolseley, Zola, Bradlaugh, Canon Liddon, Tolstoi, Whitier, Holmes, Lowell, Mark Twain, Spurgeon, Froude, Tennyson, Tyndall, Huxley, General and Mrs. Booth, Dillon, Davitt, O'Brien, etc., etc.

For sale by booksellers or sent post-paid on receipt of price: One Dollar.

CHARLES E. MERRILL & CO., 52 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

THE ATLANTIC FOR FEBRUARY.

Some Unpublished Letters of
Charles and Mary Lamb,
William Carew Hazlitt.

Noto: An Unexplored Corner
of Japan,
Percival Lowell.

The House of Martha,
Frank R. Stockton.

The Next Stage in the Develop-
ment of Public Parks,
Alpheus Hyatt.

John Rutledge,
Frank Gaylord Cook.

A Long Unpaid Debt,
William Everett.

An Object Lesson in Civil Ser-
vice Reform.

Theodore Roosevelt.

New Books.

Francis Wayland.

Vol. 4 of American Religious
Leaders. By Professor JAMES O.
MURRAY, of Princeton. 16mo,
gilt top, \$1.25.

An excellent book on an illustrious
educator and a great religious leader.

The Crystal Button

Or, Adventures of Paul Prog-
nosis in the Forty-ninth Century.
By CHAUNCEY THOMAS. Edited
by GEORGE HOUGHTON. 16mo,
\$1.25.

This story is a long look forward to
the vast progress which may be made
in the next three thousand years,
through the orderly evolution of the
forces and intelligence now operating
in science, and in the realm of humane
and religious thought.

The Biglow Papers.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
First and Second Series in one
volume. Popular Edition. 12mo,
\$1.00.

* For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-
paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston
11 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

EDUCATIONAL.

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY.
Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established, 1825.
3 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut, Hartford.
WOODSIDE SEMINARY. Home and College preparatory for Girls.
MISS SARA J. SMITH, Principal.

Connecticut, Lyme.
BLACK HALL SCHOOL. A family and preparatory school for boys; highest references from parents and from members of the Yale Faculty.
CHAS. G. BARTLETT, A.M., Principal.

Connecticut, New Haven, 136 Sherman Ave.
THE ELDERAGE. FAMILY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES pleasantly located in the suburbs of the city. The MISSES BANGS, Principals.

Connecticut, New Haven, West End Institute.
MRS. CADY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Institute Course of Study and College Preparatory Course. Admits to either Smith, Vassar, or Wellesley by certificate. Circulars. Early application necessary.

Connecticut, New Milford, Litchfield County.
INGLESIDE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—Thorough instruction in English, French and German. Music and Art College preparatory Course. Boarding pupils, \$400. Second term begins Dec. 1st. MRS. HELEN H. BLAKE, Principal.

Connecticut, Norwalk.
MISS BAIRD'S INSTITUTE. A Home School for Girls and Young Ladies. Number of boarding pupils limited to twenty. Excellent advantages in Music, Art, and the Languages. Gymnasium. Pleasant grounds. Healthful location. Pupils boarded through the Summer months. Board, Washing, and Tuition in the English branches, \$300 per scholastic year. Send for circular.

Connecticut, Hillside, Norwalk.
MRS. MEAD'S SCHOOL for Girls and Young Ladies re-opens October 2, 1890. College Preparatory Department fits for any College. Complete course in Literature, Languages, and Art. Special Musical Department. Beautiful location. Application should be made early.

Connecticut, Wallingford.
ROSEMARY HALL.—BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Academic and preparatory courses. Principals—Miss LANSING and Miss RUVET REES. Easter Term begins January 5th, 1891. For Catalogues address Rosemary Hall.

Connecticut, Litchfield Co., Washington.
THE GUNNERY. A Family School for thirty (30) Boys.
J. C. BRINSMADE, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts, Springfield.
HOME AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. "THE ELMS." Miss PORTER, Principal. Certificate admits to Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith. Quincy Method for Children.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire, Hanover.
CHANDLER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS. Hanover, N. H. Address the President, or Prof. E. R. RUGGLES.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey, Deckertown, Sussex Co.
SEELEY'S HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Limited to twenty. Home training. Thorough instruction. Prepares for College.
W. H. SEELEY, A.M., Principal.

New Jersey, Hoboken.
STEVENS SCHOOL. The Academic Department of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. Re-opens, Sept. 17, 1890. Pupils prepared for Schools of Science and Colleges. Preparatory Class \$75 per annum. All other Classes \$150 per annum.

New Jersey, New Brunswick.
RUTGERS COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Boarding School for Boys and Young Men. Prepares for the best Colleges, Scientific Schools or Business.
E. H. COOK, A.M., Ph.D., Head Master.

New Jersey, Bridgeton.
SOUTH JERSEY INSTITUTE. 1st year begins Sept. 17th, 1890. Both sexes. Prepares for any College, Teaching, or Business. French, German, Music, Art, Military Drill. H. K. TRASK, Prin.

EDUCATIONAL.

NEW YORK.

New York, Aurora, Cayuga Lake.
WELLS COLLEGE, FOR WOMEN.
Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. A refined Christian Home. New Building ready next September. Session begins Sept. 10, 1890. Send for Catalogue.
E. S. FRISBEE, D.D., President.

New York, Brooklyn, 140-142 Columbia Heights
THE MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

New York, Buffalo, 284 Delaware Ave.
BUFFALO SEMINARY. The fortieth year begins September 17. For circulars, address
Mrs. C. F. HARTT.

New York, Kingston-on-Hudson.
GOLDEN HILL SCHOOL. A preparatory school for boys. Sixth year begins September 24. \$450 per annum. JOHN M. CROSS, A.M., Principal.

New York, Newburgh.
THE MISSES MACKIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
The twenty-fifth year will begin September 25, 1890.

New York City, 325 Park Ave., cor. of 61st St.
ACADEMIC CLASSES FOR GIRLS. Open Oct. 1st. Preparation for the Harvard examination, and all Colleges for women. Daily instruction and practice in Delsarte Gymnastics. LOIS A. BANGS and MARY B. WHITON, A.B.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE DRAMATIC ARTS. F. H. SARGENT, Director. Operatic Department, JESSE WILLIAMS, Musical Director. FERD. WILLIAMS, Stage Manager. For admission, apply to E. P. STEPHENSON, Business Manager.

New York City, 624 Madison Ave., near 59th St.
THE BENTLEY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Re-opens, at above address, October 1st, 1890. WILLIAM JONES, A.B. (Harvard), Principal.
After Sept. 30th the principal will be at the school each day from 11 till 1.

New York City, 55 West 47th Street.
MISS GIBBONS'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will reopen October 1. Three boarding pupils will be received into the family.

New York City, 63 Fifth Avenue.
THE MISSES GRAHAM. (Successors to the Misses Green.) Established in 1816. This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department, for which it has hitherto been so favorably known.

New York City, 52 West 56th Street.
THE PARK COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, (boys), removed to 52 West 56th St., reopens Sept. 23. Parents invited to inspect the school rooms.
ELMER E. PHILLIPS, A.M., Principal.

New York City, 4 East 58th St.
MRS. SALISBURY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Facing Central Park. Re-opens October 1.

New York City, 113 W. 71st St.
WEST END SCHOOL. Collegiate, Junior, and Primary Departments, and Military Drill and Gymnasium.
CHESTER DONALDSON, A.M., Principal.

New York City, 37 East 68th St.
THE MISSES WREAKS BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, with Kindergarten, re-opens Oct. 1st. Circulars sent on application.

New York, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.
MISS BULKLEY'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS will re-open Wednesday, Sept. 17th.

OHIO.

Ohio, Painesville.
LAKE ERIE SEMINARY. Course of study liberal and thorough. Excellent advantages in Natural Sciences, Music and Art. Miss MARY EVANS, Principal.

Ohio, Columbus, 151 East Broad St.
MISS PHELPS' ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL for Young Ladies, 151 E. Broad St., Columbus, O. Special advantages in Language, literature, Music, Art, Home and Social Culture. Fall term begins Sept. 25th, 1890. New School Building.

EDUCATIONAL.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania, Lititz.
LINDEN HALL SEMINARY.—A School for Girls and Young Ladies, at Lititz, Lancaster Co., Pa. 97th year. A safe, comfortable school home; thorough methods; careful oversight of the individual pupil; advanced Courses of Study; very pleasant location; steam heated; \$250 per year.

Pennsylvania, Chambersburg.
WILSON COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Fifty miles southwest of Harrisburg in famous Cumberland Valley. From Baltimore four hours, Philadelphia five, New York seven, Pittsburgh nine. Six trains daily. Border climate, avoiding bleak north. \$250 per year for board, room, etc., and all College Studies except Music and Art. Large Music College and Art School. Music Department, this year, 144, independent of free classes. Full Faculty. College Course B.A. degree. Music College B.M. Handsome park, large buildings, steam heat, gymnasium, observatory, laboratory, etc. Annex No. 2 finished Sept. 1, 1889, with 40 new rooms.

Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 4313 and 4315 Walnut St.
A THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL FOR TWENTY GIRLS. Under the charge of Mme. Henrietta Clerc and Miss Marion L. Pecke. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$300 a year. Address Mme. H. CLERC.

Pennsylvania, Williamsport.
HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Seventh year. Terms \$400. Re-opens Sept. 17th. Address MISS MARIE HOLMES BISHOP for catalogue.

PIERCE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,
COLLEGE CITY, CALIFORNIA.

A First-Class School for Ladies and Gentlemen. Able Faculty; Temperance Town; Pleasant Climate, Healthy Location; Reasonable Terms; Several Courses and Degrees. Address, J. C. KEITH, Pres.

TEACHERS WANTED?

For good positions in Colleges, Seminaries, Private Schools, City Schools, &c. Hundreds of teachers located by us the last four years. Send for Manual and blank C. J. ALBERT, Manager, Elmhurst, Ill.

A magazine editor will prepare MSS. for publications. All articles submitted to him will be carefully revised and suggestions given for the disposal of them. Address EDITOR, Box 1236, N. Y. City.

NOW READY,

Anne Bradstreet
AND HER TIME.

By HELEN CAMPBELL. One vol., 12mo. \$1.50.

A charming biographical sketch and study of the earliest of America's female writers, "the grandmother of American literature." Anne Bradstreet's descendants number some of America's most distinguished men of letters—the Danas, the Channings, the Buckminsters, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, and others of lesser note. Mrs. Campbell has told her story with all the vigor and interest that could be expected from so earnest a writer, and has inspired the musty records of the past with life and spirit, making for the first time for the reader of to-day a very real and vital person of that old-time champion of woman's possibilities, Mistress Anne Bradstreet of Andover.

D. Lothrop Company, Pubs.,
BOSTON.

"This magazine stands alone in its work of popularizing and preserving historic events and places."—*Davenport Democrat*.

"It is scholarly without being dull, and popular without being sensational. It always gives material of substantial value, and it is edited with conspicuous ability."—*The Congregationalist*, Boston.

"Mrs. Lamb certainly possesses the rare secret of communicating a perpetually fresh and lively interest to the annalistic literature of the serial she edits. The selections have the charm of romance."—*The Living Church*, Chicago.

"This is the best historical monthly in the world. It is one of the chief leaders of public sentiment in all affairs concerning American history."—*Harrisburg Telegraph*, Pa.

Magazine of American History.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1891.

PORTRAIT OF SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON. *Frontispiece*.

SKETCH OF SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON. Geologist and Geographer. 1792-1871.

THE DEMAND FOR EDUCATION IN AMERICAN HISTORY. Hon. John Jay, LL.D.

EMIGRATION FROM NEW ENGLAND TO NEW BRUNSWICK, 1763-1764. Rev. D. F. Lamson.

THE ANTIQUITY OF CARRIAGES. Illustrated Emanuel Spencer.

RALEIGH'S SETTLEMENT'S SON ROANOKE ISLAND. An Historical Survival. Illustrated. Stephen B. Weeks, Ph.D.

EXPLORING LOUISIANA. Rev. R. T. Cross.

THE PICKERING MANUSCRIPTS. H. E. Greene.

CAPTAIN ROBERT BRIDGES. Founder of the first Iron Works in America. Nathan M. Hawkes.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. Count De Fersen's private letters to his father, 1780-1781. *Conclusion*. Translated from the French by Miss Georgine Holmes.

MINOR TOPICS. NOTES. QUERIES. Replies. Societies. Book Notices.

Terms, \$5 a year.

Published at 743 Broadway, N. Y. City.

TOLSTOI ON SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

BENJ. R. TUCKER,

P. O. Box 3366, BOSTON, MASS.,

HAS JUST PUBLISHED:

Church and State, And Other Essays,

—INCLUDING—

1—*Church and State*. 2—*Money*. 3—*Man and Woman: Their respective Functions*. 4—*The Mother*. 5—*A Second Supplement to the Kreuzer Sonata*.

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

"*Church and State*" is translated by authorization from Tolstoi's own manuscript. It was written several years ago, but it being the author's boldest work, severely denunciatory of the powers that be, he has kept it in manuscript in consequence of the arbitrary regime in Russia. Now he has determined to publish it in the United States. It is an uncompromising assault upon both Church and State from the standpoint of Christ's teachings.

PRICE: IN CLOTH, 50c.; IN PAPER, 25c.

For sale by all Booksellers, or mailed by Publisher, on receipt of price. MENTION THIS PAPER.

10,000 SUBSCRIBERS WANTED FOR "L'ETUDE." A monthly paper of eight pages, to enable any one to read, write, translate and speak French in a short time. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. MME. H. V. F. CLERC, 4315 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

G. P. Putnam's Sons,

27 and 29 West 23d St., N. Y.,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

English Prose: Its Elements, History, and Usage. By JOHN EARLE, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. 8vo, cloth, \$3.50.

"Mr. Earle has written a unique work, of great value to writers who desire to form a good English style in the structural sense. He has the advantage of a very wide and thorough knowledge of the language in its successive historical stages, and he brings his learning to bear with an effect quite beyond writers on rhetoric. * * * The volume is full of various thought, conservative, well balanced and sound in conclusion."—*The Nation*.

The Writings and Correspondence OF JOHN JAY, first Chief Justice of the United States. Edited by HENRY P. JONESTON, Professor of American History in the College of the City of New York. The set is to be complete in four volumes octavo, uniform in size and style to the editions already issued of the writings of "Hamilton," "Franklin," and "Washington." The edition is like these, printed from type, and is limited to 750 copies. The remaining volumes will follow at intervals of about two months. Price, per volume, \$5.00.

This set is distinctive in one respect from the sets previously issued of the writings of the "Fathers of the Republic." The editor has found it desirable to include in it, in addition to the letters, journals, and decisions of Jay himself, a selection of the more important of the letters from his correspondents, and the work makes therefore a very interesting presentation of the noteworthy events and of the questions under discussion during the revolutionary period and during the first years of the Republic. A large portion of the material included in it is also now for the first time published and the set will therefore form a contribution of first importance for the history of the country and for that of the city and State of New York.

"The editor is known as a painstaking student of American History, and an authority in certain branches, and he has had free use of the *Jay papers*."—*The Nation*.

PUBLISH NEXT WEEK:—

Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens, By Evelyn Abbott, of Balliol College, Oxford. (No. III. in the *Heroes of the Nations Series*. Uniform with Clark Russell's "Nelson" and Fletcher's "Gustavus Adolphus.") Fully illustrated. Large 12mo, cloth extra, \$1.50; half morocco, gilt top, \$1.75.

Principles of Social Economics. Inductively Considered and Practically Applied. With criticism on current theories. By GEORGE GUNTON, author of "Wealth and Progress," etc. 8vo, cloth, \$1.75.

Hampton Songs. Cabin and Plantation Songs as Sung by the Hampton Students. Arranged by THOMAS P. FENNER and FREDERIC G. RATHBUN, Musical Instructors in the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute of Virginia. New Edition, revised and enlarged, with frontispiece. 8vo, paper, 50c.

* * List of recent important publications sent on application.

MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD.

HERBERT WARD.

NEARLY 200 PAGES WITH FOLDING MAP.

A friend of Mr. Stanley and one of the most trusted and experienced Captains of the Rear Guard; many have wondered why Mr. Ward has kept comparatively silent while the bitter controversy has been going on. In this book he speaks freely and fearlessly. He is not bitter nor prejudiced, but endeavors to do justice to his unfortunate companions by relating facts of which he produces ample proof. His narrative is absorbingly interesting and throws a new light on the Rear Guard troubles. For sale by all booksellers or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Cloth - - - - \$1.00.

Paper - - - - 50c.

Chas. L. Webster & Co.,
3 East 14th St., New York.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

AS YOU LIKE IT. Vol. VIII of the *Variorum*.

Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph. D., LL. D., L. H. D. Cloth, \$4.00. CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. VI ready, Cloth, \$3; Sheep, \$4; Morocco, \$4.50.

HOW TO REMEMBER HISTORY. By VIRGINIA CONSER SHAFER. Cloth, \$1.

EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS. By ALFRED E. LEE. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.

IN AND OUT OF BOOK AND JOURNAL. By A. SYDNEY ROBERTS, M. D. 50 Illustrations by S. W. VAN SCHAICK. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

RECOLLECTIONS. By GEORGE W. CHILDS. With Portrait of Author. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.

STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA EXPEDITION. By A. J. WALTERS. With Maps, 33 Portraits and Illustration. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

TWO LOST CENTURIES OF BRITAIN. By W. H. BARCOCK. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

TRIGONOMETRY. By EDWIN S. CRAWLEY. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY. By WALTER G. McMILLAN, F. I. C. Illustrated. Cloth, \$3.50.

THRESHOLD OF SCIENCE. By C. R. ADLER WRIGHT, F. R. S. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.00.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL WORKS. By W. SANTO CRIMP. With Tables. Illustrations and Plates. Cloth, \$7.50.

ASSAYING. By J. J. BERINGER, F. I. C., and S. C. BERINGER, F. I. C. With Tables and Diagrams. Cloth, \$3.25.

CHEMISTRY OF IRON AND STEEL MAKING. By U. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F. C. S. Cloth, \$3.00.

CONVERSATION ON MINES. With Tables of Calculations. Rules of Measurements, etc. By WILLIAM HOPTON. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

ABSAKKA; OR, WYOMING OPENED. By COL. HENRY B. CARRINGTON, U.S.A. Sixth Edition. Cloth, \$1.50.

GERMAN SOLDIER IN THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES. By J. G. ROSENGARTEN. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Cloth, \$1.00.

FICTION.

DIPLOMAT'S DIARY (A). By JULIEN GORDON. Cloth.

SUCCESSFUL MAN (A). By JULIEN GORDON. Cloth, \$1.00. 2 vols., uniform binding. In neat box! \$2.00.

PATIENCE. By ANNA B. WARNER. Cloth, \$1.25.

"O THOU, MY AUSTRIA!" Translated by MRS. A. L. WINTER from the German of OSEIF SCHUBIN. Cloth, \$1.25.

LOVE IN THE TROPICS. By CAROLINE EARLE WHITE. Cloth, \$1.00.

MYSTERY OF NEW ORLEANS. By WM. H. HOLCOMBE, M. D. \$1.00.

HER BROTHER DONNARD. By EMILY E. VREDDER. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

LIPPINCOTT'S SERIES OF SELECT NOVELS.

PAPER, 50 CENTS. CLOTH, 75 CENTS.

THE PLUNGER. By HAWLEY SMART.

OTHER MAN'S WIFE. By JOHN STRAUGH WINTER.

HOMBURG BEAUTY. By MRS. EDWARD KENNARD.

HERIOT'S CHOICE. By ROSA N. CAREY.

JACK'S SECRET. By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

A LAST LOVE. By GEORGE OHNET.

TWO MASTERS. By B. M. CROCKER.

SYRLIN. By OUIDA. Cloth, \$1.00.

* * For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent postpaid by the Publishers on receipt of price.

J. B. Lippincott Company,

715 and 717 MARKET STREET, PHILA.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

HAVE NOW READY:

I.
The First Crossing of
Greenland.

By Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Translated from the Norwegian by Hubert Majendle Gepp, B.A., Lecturer at the University of Upsala. With 5 Maps, 12 full-page Plates, and 127 Illustrations in the Text. A Preface by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society. 2 volumes, ornamental cloth cover, silvered top. 8vo, 1,040 pages, \$10.50.

"A graphic and animated recital of the first crossing of Greenland, translated admirably into English from the Norwegian. Both volumes are handsomely printed and profusely illustrated, the camera carried by the explorer having been used with excellent effect."—*N. Y. Times*.

II.
The Christ the Son of God.

A Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Abbé CONSTANT FOULARD, Honorary Cathedral Canon, Professor of the Faculty of Theology at Rouen, etc., etc. Translated from the Fifth Edition with the author's sanction, by George F. X. Griffith. With an Introduction by Cardinal Manning. 2 vols., with Maps, small 8vo, gilt top, \$4.00.

"* Its handiness as a book of reference on all subjects connected with the Gospel story makes it invaluable as a handbook for the clergyman, who can find both facts and authorities given here in the tersest form, and the system of confining all the disquisitions to the notes, leaving the beauty of the Divine Story unhampered and unclouded, makes it a popular work, as well as a learned achievement."

III.
The Philosophy of Fiction
in Literature.

By DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON, author of 'A System of Psychology,' 'The Problem of Evil,' 'The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind,' etc. 12mo, \$1.50.

"The author has sought to classify and describe the functions of a work of fiction fulfils, the motives and materials with which it deals, and the principles by which its construction is governed. This task he has well performed; his method is free from pedantry, his attitude moderate and judicial."—*Critic*.

IV.
Political Americanisms.

A Glossary of Terms and Phrases Current at Different Periods in American Politics. By CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON. 16mo, ornamental cloth cover, \$1.00.

"So fully does this book fill a vacant place in politico-historical literature, that it is hard to understand why it has only just appeared.... A book so complete that the reader must have a long and quick memory to discover what may be lacking.... The volume is small, for the definitions are short; the work has been done so thoroughly in keeping with the true spirit of dictionary-making that the reader will not be able to discover the author's own politics."—*N. Y. Herald*.

The Cruise of the "Alerte";
The Narrative of a Search for Treasure on the
Desert Island of Trinidad.

By E. F. KNIGHT, Author of 'The Cruise of the Falcon.' With 18 Plates, 5 Woodcuts in the text, and 2 Maps. Crown 8vo, \$3.50.

VI.
The Correspondence of
William Augustus Miles on
the French Revolution

1789-1817.

Edited by the Rev. CHARLES POPHAM MILES, M.A., F.L.S., Honorary Canon of Durham; Membre de la Société d'Histoire Diplomatique. 2 vols., 8vo, 925 pages, \$10.50.

VII.
Letters to Young Shooters.

(First Series.)

On the Choice and Use of a Gun.

By SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, Bart. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 273 pages, \$2.50.

"I do not hesitate to place these letters in the hands of the rising generation of shooters, in the hope that they may be of service to them, or indeed, to any who confess inexperience in the use of the gun.... I have carefully confined my pen to practical instruction.... What I now lay before young sportsmen is the outcome of years of actual personal experience and careful observation."—*Extract from Introduction*.

For sale by all booksellers. Sent on receipt of price by the publishers.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,

15 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

Macmillan & Co.'s
NEW BOOKS.

Vol. I. now ready. 8vo, \$3.00.

REISSUE OF THE
CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

New and Revised Edition. With additional Notes. Edited by W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A., LL.D. 9 vols., 8vo. To be issued quarterly.

Volume I. now ready. 8vo, \$3.00.

Contents: The Tempest—Two Gentlemen of Verona—The Merry Wives of Windsor—Measure for Measure—Comedy of Errors.

New Book by the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

By JOHN MORLEY. Globe 8vo, \$1.50.

* Uniform with the collected edition of Mr. Morley's writings.

By the Author of Robert Elmers.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S
OPENING ADDRESS AT UNIVERSITY
HALL.

12mo, paper, 30 cents.

TRIAL BY COMBAT.

By GEORGE NEILSON. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.

"We have not seen a more scholarly and interesting piece of work these many days. The author naturally gives most of his attention to Scottish antiquities, but he throws a good light on matters common to Scotland and England, or even wholly English. He brings out with great clearness the distinction between the Anglo-Norman judicial duel, as we find it in Bracton and the Year Books, and the chivalrous duel imported from France in the fourteenth century. It was the duel of chivalry, not the duel of law, that gave rise to the modern 'code of honor' and the practice of duelling in the modern sense. Though the book is not large, it is full of learning."—*Law Quarterly Review*.

ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION
SERIES.

NEW VOLUME.

12mo, cloth, limp, 60 cents; edges uncut, 75 cents.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

By JULIAN CORBETT.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. STRAFFORD.
HENRY THE FIFTH. WARREN HASTINGS.
GENERAL GORDON. PETERBOROUGH.
LORD LAWRENCE. CAPTAIN COOK.
WELLINGTON. SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.
DAMPIER. CLIVE.
MONK. NAPIER.

"An admirable set of brief biographies. The volumes are small, attractive, and inexpensive."—*Dial*.

"The 'English Men of Action' promises to be a notable series of short biographies. The subjects are well chosen, and the authors almost as well."—*Epoch*.

New and Complete Edition. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.75.

POETICAL WORKS OF SHELLEY.

Edited by PROFESSOR DOWDEN. With Portrait. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.75.

* This volume ranges with the one-volume complete edition of Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Arnold.

Uniform with the 'Treasury of Sacred Song.' 12mo, \$2.50.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

of the Best Songs and Lyrics in the English Language. Selected and arranged with Notes by FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. 12mo, \$2.50.

* Also a limited edition in fcap, 4to, \$7.00.

MANUAL OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

By JOHN NICHOL, M.A., LL.D. Comprising English Composition by JOHN NICHOL, and Questions and Exercises on English Composition by JOHN NICHOL and W. S. MCCORMICK. 12mo, cloth, 60 cents.

MACMILLAN & CO.,

112 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

FOR THE LIBRARY AND
BOOKSHELF.

A NEW EDITION OF

HERALDRY. ANCIENT AND MODERN. Including Boutell's Heraldry. Edited and revised, with additions by S. T. AVELING. With 488 Ills. Price, \$1.50.

* Acknowledged to be the best elementary work on this fascinating study, so necessary to a proper understanding and appreciation of poetry and history.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESSAYIST AND CRITIC. Selections from his writings, with a Memoir, biographical and critical, by ALEX. IRVING, author of 'The Book Lover's Enchiridion,' 'Memoir of Emerson,' etc. In one vol., crown 8vo, with steel Portrait, cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.50.

"Whoever turns over these five hundred pages will wish to know more of a writer who so constantly amuses, charms, piques, or instructs him."—*The Critic*.

LEIGH HUNT, AS POET AND ESSAYIST. Being the choicest passages from his works, selected and edited, with a Biographical Introduction by CHARLES KENT. Uniform with the above. Price \$1.50.

NAPIER'S PENINSULAR WAR: History of the War in the Peninsula and South of France, from 1807 to 1814. By Major-General Sir W. F. NAPIER, K.C.B. With 55 Maps and Plans, and steel Portraits. "Military red" cloth, gilt tops, 6 vols. \$9.00 per set.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF WESLEY, AND THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF METHODISM. Edited by Rev. J. A. ATKINSON, M.A., D.C.L., Hon. Canon of Manchester. A new edition, with steel Portrait, full Notes, and Contents. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.50.

* Edited without bias, every work connected with Wesley and Methodism published since Southey has been consulted and drawn upon.

MUSICAL GROUNDWORK; Being a First Manual of Musical Form and History for Students and Readers. By FREDERICK J. CROWEST. In 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.00.

CONTENTS: Ancient Music, Notation, Scales, Clefs, and Bars—Signs and Abbreviations—Time and Accent—Melody—Harmony—Vocal Music, Ancient and Modern—Instrumental and Instrumentation—Musical Form—Schools of Music—Principal Events in Musical History—Birth and Death-Dates of Leading Musicians—Index.

"An excellent manual for people of musical tastes and habits, who yet have no thorough musical education."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

BITS ABOUT HORSES. Quotational and Equitation. Selected and edited by S. TURNER. This little volume contains selections for every day with over 50 humorous thumb-nail sketches of horses, and is a happy little souvenir for all lovers of the horse. In horse-shoe shape. Price, 35 cents.

THE SPORTSMAN'S VADE-MECUM.

STONEHENGE'S BRITISH RURAL SPORTS. Comprising Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, Fishing, Hawking, Racing, Boating, Yachting, Pedestrianism, Skating, Athletics, Lawn-Tennis, and the various Rural Games played in England and America. With Pedigrees and Records. Seventeenth Edition (over 1,000 pages), profusely illustrated and fully indexed. 8vo, cloth sides, leather backs, \$7.50.

* The standard authority on all matters relating to the country gentleman's sports and amusements, giving the breeding and training of dogs and horses, with illustrations of varieties, guns and fishing tackle, etc., in fact, a complete dictionary of everything relating to sports and game, and the management of stud and stable.

FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL: A True Story of Western Life. By JOHN Y. NELSON and HARRINGTON O'REILLY. Illustrated with over 100 graphic Sketches by PAUL FRENZEMY. In square crown 8vo cloth. Price, \$1.50.

A most amusing and apropos volume.

"One more bit of the life which was and still is to some extent between us and the Pacific, but which is fast becoming a memory and tradition—material for the romance of the future."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Of all booksellers, or mailed free on receipt of price by the Publishers.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.,

3 Cooper Union, Fourth Ave., New York.

The Critic

Published Weekly, at 52 Lafayette Place, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1891.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic Office, 52 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Dammell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; and American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W. C. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Literature

"The Saga Library" **

THESE TRAGIC TALES, pregnant in their brevity and simplicity, are an epitome of Iceland and Icelandic history from 776 to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, just as the Corinthian and other tales of Herodotus are an epitome of Greek provincial life before the days of Pericles. They are not 'tales' in the sense of fiction: they are true, vivid, sharp family histories, wrung from records that have a brave antiquity: tales of border feuds circumscribed by roaring Arctic seas, vendettas passionate as those of tropically lovely Corsica, raids, assassinations, burnings furious and fierce as those of redmen or buccaneers. Every page of Icelandic history is reddened with them as with murderous auroral light, and every great family in the island was at one time Capulet or Montague. How such tropic passions could thrive in polar snows is a psychological fact that has never been explained. Hot climate and Hotspur usually go together; torrid latitudes are usually associated with ideas of torrid temper. Such secular blood-feuds as Iceland shows would be natural enough in Mexico, in Sicily, in Zan-zibar; but in the pale glimmer of the Arctic Circle, where blood is blue-cold and life attenuated and emotions etherealized to a mere film, one is at a loss to account for vengeance so vivid, enterprise so exhaustless, resentment so sanguinary as illumine these charming tales—charming in spite of the shimmer of blood on them, and wonderfully quaint in the Old English dress in which the poet Morris and the scholar Magnússon have clothed them.

The sources of Icelandic medieval literature are five-fold: the Eddas, prose and poetic, which exploit and record the god-lore of the primitive Scandinavians; romances like the Volsunga Saga, which stream forth from this abundant core and fill even great poem-moulds like the Nibelungen Lied; that marvellous collection of King-Stories called the 'Heimskringla' (see *The Critic* of July 13, 1889); historic fictions of high literary merit, like the story of Viglund the Fair; and the true histories of Icelandic worthies, families, and feuds. Of these sources the translators have chosen the last, and judging by the three specimens they have presented, they have shown excellent taste in the selection. The abrupt, almost monosyllabic style, of these impassioned *contes*; their matter-of-fact record of facts terrible and strange—quaint vengeance, dire mutilations, fantastic courtships, nimble negotiations; their downright sincerity and doughty spirit, give one a new sensation. The violence of old tempestuous Hecla has infiltrated the Icelandic commonwealth: men fight for sheep as other men fight for women; the gnome-world seems come to life again in 'Howard the Halt' and 'The Banded Men' as ugly chieftains clinch each other and slit off each other's ears, murder or drown or deceive. Grotesque as the Edda is, it is the magnified shadow-play of what was perpetually taking place

* Howard the Halt. The Banded Men. Hen Thorir. Tr. from the Icelandic by William Morris and Eirikr Magnússon. London: B. Quaritch.

in frozen Iceland,—shadows of men and women magnified to gods and goddesses and thrown on the clouds out of the throat of some auroral stereopticon.

"Royal Edinburgh" *

MRS. OLIPHANT has an elective affinity for picturesque places and picturesque surroundings. Twice before she has plunged her poetic pen into the annals of famous cities in which beauty of situation and charm of surroundings combined with celebrity of event and crowded chronicle to form a literary *bonne-bouche* to work up for the delight of her readers. Florence and Venice will not be less celebrated because she has written about their 'makers'; nor will the Arno and the Adriatic now think scorn of association with the Solway and Edinburgh Castle. 'Mine own romantic town,' as Scott christened Dun Edin, belongs with all its romance to all the world: not simply to Saint Margaret and the Royal Jameses, to Mary Stuart and Knox and Burns, or even to Sir Walter. Its ins and outs, its wynds and closes, its lawn-market and Canon-gate, its Tolbooth and coronet of royal hills, its Holyrood and steely firth have never been more poetically or graphically written of than by Mrs. Oliphant's practised fingers, and through them they have become the common property of all who frequent libraries.

Her new book forms delightful companionship with Andrew Lang's volume on the same subject, while its richness in views and pictures fixes the localities discussed vividly in the memory. No city is wealthier in stirring times and strenuous memories. Perched like Pergamum on top of mighty hills, it carved its way through them with many a quaint and astounding freak of architecture, now mantled in ivy, now gleaming in mist. We have seen Lisbon and Naples, 'Frisco and Stockholm, Granada and Constantinople; but one may run over the rosary of cities in vain to find a lovelier than Edinburgh; and when we remember the rugged civilization, the historic events, the bright or sombre days that have scored the town with indelible interest; the saints, the prophets, the kings, who have lived and died on Castle Hill in sight of Arthur's Seat; the poets who have sung, the philosophers who have dreamed, the preachers who have thundered there, one must look to the Mediterranean for a parallel, to Florence or Venice to find an equal of Edinburgh in varied charm, in interesting associations, in variety of intellectual achievement. The sorrows of Mary, the songs of Burns, the novels of Scott, the sermons of Knox, form a rare combination to interest the antiquarian *gourmet*: while the unexpected quarries revealed in Mrs. Oliphant's crowded chapters bring up numberless themes for the common traveller and sightseer to revel in. The study of this book alone explains much that is inexplicable in Scottish history: it shows how history can be taught best concretely, through the study of a single town, as Athens, Edinburgh, Rome.

Is the coat-of-arms on the back of the book the coat-of-arms of Scotland? If so, the lion rampant should be, in heraldic terms, a lion rampant *affronté*,—i.e., facing the spectator, not in profile.

"A Successful Man" †

JULIEN GORDON is to be congratulated on the literary capacity shown in 'A Successful Man.' When the jaded reviewer reads a book through from pure interest, that fact in itself should imply a certain originality in the work; but when it stimulates him to wish that his pen could utter the thoughts that arise in him, the book has reached a high-water mark of distinction. 'A Successful Man' should hardly be burdened with the literary obligations of a novel. It is little more than an elaborated sketch, and the delight of the performance lies perhaps more in its reserve of possi-

* Royal Edinburgh: Her Saints, Kings, Prophets, and Poets. By Mrs. Oliphant. Illus. by G. Reid. 3s. Macmillan & Co.

† A Successful Man. By Julien Gordon. 3s. J. B. Lippincott Co.

bilities than in its actual achievement. The book is disappointing in what it leaves untold; the author throws up the sponge before the fight is over. Life does not cease after the crisis in a man's existence; and even though Julien Gordon has done his best to close the debate, in the mind of the reflective reader the situation is still open to question. Daniel Lawton, at the age of forty-five, after having led a studious life among books, a progressive one among men and affairs, and a negative domestic existence as the husband of a worthy but uninspiring woman and the father of happy children, finds himself, by his enthusiastic nomination for the Governorship of his State, the hero of the hour. All society is open to him. His entrance into that social stratum where living has become one of the fine arts is through the guidance of one of those seductive women whose very fascination for men of character often consists in their superiority to the *beau monde*. Constance Gresham was an *élégante* both by environment and temperament; but she had the desire for a fuller life, and she was dangerous to Daniel Lawton for just that reason. She recognized the force and the original feeling of the man; and these she wished to turn to account for her own glory; so she made him the fashion in her own world. But the nicety of the question is not the sincerity of the love between Mrs. Gresham and Dan Lawton: it is the recognition of the situation by Mrs. Lawton, and by the reader, who, more clearly than that stunned and groping woman, realizes that this is one of the irrefutable facts of life, especially American political life. The question is psychic, not ethical; even Mrs. Lawton in her dull pain saw that—saw clearly that while she had settled into an absorbed and routine domesticity, hardly interesting herself in her husband's career, he had gone on doubling the five talents which had been given him until he was entering into that reward which worldly capacity commands. It is here, when husband and wife are driving together, when she speaks, when he remembers all she has been to him, that the story closes—how, we shall not divulge.

"Mrs. Thrale, Afterwards Mrs. Piozzi."*

AS ONE never tires of reading of Mrs. Thrale and her contemporaries, this volume prepared by Mr. Seeley will receive a warm welcome. It is acceptable for more reasons than one. In the first place, the reader is gratified to find so much richness squeezed into so little room; and in the second, he is pleased by the attractive appearance of the book. Everybody who knows English literature knows Mrs. Thrale—herself not a woman of letters, but a party to one of the most famous friendships in the world. A curiously contrasted pair, this vivacious little woman brought up in the lap of luxury, and the big, lumbering philosopher, whose life until he met her, was a continual fight with poverty; she a creature of dainty ways, habited in fashionable attire; he, with the manners of a clown, arrayed in soiled linen and snuff-besmirched broadcloth. And yet what could have been more harmonious than their relations? Mrs. Thrale was a hero-worshipper, and she was clever enough to see the greatness of Dr. Johnson's soul through the forbidding crust that encased it. There is not much in this book that we are not already acquainted with, and yet there is nothing that we do not enjoy reading again. It is presented in such an agreeable form that we forget that it is *réchauffé*; in fact, it lends itself so admirably to this manner of serving up, as to have all the flavor of a new-made dish. An interesting feature of the book is the illustrations, which are reproductions of well-known originals. The frontispiece is, naturally, a likeness of Mrs. Thrale, from a painting made after she became Mrs. Piozzi. Hogarth's portrait of himself is given, with his dog sitting comfortably in the corner of the canvas. Then we have portraits of the famous beauties

Elizabeth and Maria Gunning, of Mrs. Abington as Roxalana, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; of Sir Joshua himself, by himself; of Garrick as Abel Druggier; and of Mr. Thrale; and yet, singularly enough, there is no likeness of Dr. Johnson. These plates are excellent reproductions and add much to the interest of a charming book.

Ellwanger's "The Story of my House"

A MORE enjoyable volume than this little collection of essays by Mr. George H. Ellwanger has not appeared for a long time. It is a book-lover's book, written by a book-lover; and it is distinctly a book for the library. The style of the essays is a simple one, characterized by a charm of expression wholly individual and always graceful. We opened the little book with a certain feeling of doubt as to its chances of pleasing us as much as did 'The Garden's Story,' which the same author published two or three years ago; but it did not take more than one essay to prove our doubts groundless, and to make us find this new volume even more engaging than the old, touching as it does upon those things most near and dear to bookish hearts.

'Of making many books there is no end'; but of books of this kind few are made, and very few so worthy of the making. It belongs on the same shelf with Lowell's 'Among my Books,' Russell's 'A Club of One' and 'In a Club Corner,' and Lang's books of the library. It is like them and it is unlike them, and we like it for both reasons. Of rugs, curios, bric-à-brac, and tapestries, Mr. Ellwanger writes with the bridled enthusiasm of a connoisseur. Of books he writes as only one who knows them well can write,—intelligently, winningly, and, when it comes to the rare first editions, tantalizingly. But whatever he writes is worth the writing, and he has given us a book which may be dipped into at any place with the sure reward of something to tickle the mind's palate. Typographically the book is excellent. It could not be improved, unless, perhaps, by leading the lines and thereby lighting up the page. The head- and tail-pieces are tasteful, and there is an etching by Mr. Sidney L. Smith, showing a cosy library interior, which serves as an appropriate frontispiece. Mr. Ellwanger is to be congratulated: he has written a book which will endear him to all lovers of good books.

"The Development of Africa"†

THE FLOOD of books of personal adventure in Africa now poured upon us makes necessary and welcome a book like this from the Secretary of the Scottish Geographical Society. It is a masterly attempt to systematize our knowledge of Africa, and to regulate the notions of those who expect too much or too little of the continent and race which are entering into the stream of human history. Mr. White has been ably assisted by Mr. Ravenstein, the famous cartographer; and the fourteen colored maps in the appendix show the results of the author's researches and classification of facts. The bewildering array of knowledge is thus reduced to order, and invitingly spread before the reader. After a bird's-eye view, we are told of the mountains, lakes and rivers, the climate and cognate phenomena. Most interesting is the chapter on the indigenous populations. Mr. White has so used the raw material of carefully mastered facts that his pages have a philosophic charm, and one is impressed by his candor and fairness. Especially is this the case when treating of Islam and Christianity, and in his allusions to the missionary problem. He discusses the traffic in slaves, the progress of exploration, commercial resources, the European domination and political partition, and in the final chapter gives a summary and his conclusions. Students of Africa and librarians of general libraries should all possess themselves of this fully indexed volume.

* Mrs. Thrale, Afterwards Mrs. Piozzi. A Sketch of her Life and Passages from her Diaries, Letters and Other Writings. Edited by L. B. Seeley. \$2.50. Scribner & Welford.

* The Story of my House. By George H. Ellwanger. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
† The Development of Africa. By Arthur Silva White. London: George Philip & Son.

Poetry and Verse

TWO VOLUMES of verse, by the late Francis S. Saltus, 'Shadows and Ideals' and 'The Witch of Endor and Other Poems,' have recently been published, each in an edition limited to one thousand copies. Nothing is so melancholy as the combination of talent and moral depravity, and we have never seen this unhappy combination more strikingly shown than in these two too voluminous volumes. The verse of this young man is the verse of a facile writer whose constant aim seems to be to lay hold upon unusual and, bizarre forms of expression wherewith to celebrate what is vicious and horrible. It abounds in stanzas which are attempts at realistic pictures of the rude and lewd; in feeble-forcible arguments addressed to Deity; and in Biblical poems constructed on the metrical principles of the comic opera libretto. We notice that many of the titles are subscribed as 'A Mood of Madness.' It would have been well to call both volumes 'Moods of Madness,' for the bulk of each is much more like the product of an unhealthy mind in a diseased body than of a sane wit in a sound head. If the material used in these collections had been carefully selected by a competent editor, a small volume of readable verse might have been made. Mr. Saltus was a ready and clever writer; he was prolific of ideas suited to verse; he knew the mechanism of his art, and was careful in those things which pertain to its structure. The influence of better poets is perceptible in all his work. His sonnets are almost always reminiscent, so far as manner goes, of Edgar Fawcett's sonnets—and Mr. Fawcett is one of our best sonneteers. Those to whom the memory of this young writer is dear would have been wise had they been willing to select the best from the great mass of work which Mr. Saltus left behind. As they have not done so, we can only say that they have sought to perpetuate his memory by a quantity of very uneven and generally vicious verse, the most of which, to take a phrase from one of the sonnets, is 'beautifully rank and foully fair.' (\$2.50 per vol. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.)

AN EDITION of the 'Complete Poems' of Tennyson, which should be small in size and clear in typography, is something that we have been wishing and waiting for—a volume that we might conveniently carry in our coat pocket. Some two years ago Messrs. Macmillan published the Laureate's poems in a single volume, which was printed in good, readable type; but its size, while adapted to the library shelf, was a little too large to make it a pocket companion, and it was too heavy to hold comfortably in one hand. We have now to thank the same firm for an edition which is both handy and handsome, printed in small but clear type and sumptuously bound in limp morocco. It contains all of the Laureate's poems, except the dramas, up to and including 'Demeter.' It is the kind of book one likes to read because it is so easy to hold and, by reason of good binding, so easy to keep open. It is the kind of poetry one likes to read—and many times over to read—because it is so finished, so thoughtful, and so human. (\$2.25. Macmillan & Co.)

A NEW VOLUME in the Canterbury Poets Series is 'Women Poets,' edited, with an introduction and brief biographical notes, by Mrs. William Sharp. The poets represented are all English, and belong almost exclusively to the Victorian period. Nearly all the most prominent names are found in this collection, and the editor has been happy in her choice of selections. The one name we miss is that of Michael Field. We have been told that this is the pen-name of two women. It is possible, though we much doubt it, that the real names are in this volume. This series of little books is an admirable one both as to the quality of the literature it contains and as to cheapness, the price in this country being but forty cents a volume. (A. Lovell & Co.)—'GOOD-NIGHT POETRY' is a small volume containing eighty-four selections from English and American poets, compiled by Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison. It is an old book ('Bedside Poetry,' 1886) under a new title. From the compiler's preface we learn that these poems are useful in the moral training of children, and are appropriate literature for the bedside. (75 cts. Ginn & Co.)

Recent Fiction

THE LAST ISSUE in the Odd Number Series is a volume of tales translated from the French of François Coppée. There are ten of these, and they can scarcely be called stories; they are what the French call *contes*, something lighter, airier, more trifling if you will, but something infinitely more charming. It is useless to answer the question so often asked since this volume has appeared, 'Are Coppée's tales as good as Maupassant's?' What difference would it make if they should happen to be a little inferior, they have so great a charm of their own that while one is reading them at least the

query does not intrude itself upon the mind. What could be more perfect than the little sketch called 'At Table'? A poet, a dreamer, a man of the people, admitted into the highest society by virtue of his renown as an artist, sits down at a magnificently appointed table and watches the courses of a sumptuous repast brought on and taken off, his mind all the while wandering through the scenes and among the poor who have by their toil made so perfect a product of civilization possible. It is an odd conceit, and most cleverly executed. It is almost a pity, however, to have such things translated, the French language being preëminently suited to such writing. The translator's work has been well done in this instance though. The book has an appreciative introduction by Brander Matthews—a man who perfectly understands the theory of the short story. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

WHAT MR. MATTHEWS calls the philosophy of the short story is a thing little understood by the majority of writers who devote themselves to that branch of literature. The fact that the short story is not simply a story which is short, but a distinctive creation in itself, is known in its entire significance to the French people alone. The Anglo-Saxon mind, with the sole exception of Rudyard Kipling, seems to have no conception of it, and the Germans at present understand it little better. The fact is strikingly exemplified in the two volumes before us, 'The Elixir, and Other Tales,' by George Ebers (W. S. Gottsberger & Co.), and 'Nutshell Novels,' by J. Ashby-Sterry (Scribner & Welford. \$1.50). The chief story in the first-mentioned volume, 'The Elixir,' is a tale of Leipsic in the olden time. A chemist, not content with the legitimate fruits of his profession, devotes himself to the discovery of an elixir which shall have the power to evoke the spirit of truth, tear aside the veil which clothes ugly facts with a pleasing garment, and lay bare all the rancor which fills the human heart. He succeeds, and the result is the destruction of his family. The other two stories in the book are fairy-tales, one for grown people and the other for children. 'Nutshell Novels' are terribly weak efforts at the humorous; they are positively pathetic at times in their strained attempts to produce a laugh. A dream of a wedding on Christmas Day in a diving-bell, a trip from Venice to London under a misapprehension produced by a misplaced period in a telegram, and an enormous cartoon purchased at an auction-sale, are some of the threads upon which these narratives are strung.

MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON has written a story called 'Jack's Secret,' the scene of which is laid in England. Madge Durham is adopted and raised by a great-aunt, who has conceived a strong hatred of men, and instills the idea into her niece's mind that most of the unhappiness in the world comes from marriage. The advice, as one might suppose, is wasted. Madge meets, falls in love with and ultimately marries (secretly) Jack Ludlow. Jack's family have wished to marry him to an heiress with whom he has been flirting, but, finding himself obliged to go off to the Continent with his invalid mother, he writes to the heiress telling her he can have nothing more to do with her because he is pledged to another, and to Madge to say he will be back as soon as possible. He puts the letters into the wrong envelopes, and Madge, thinking she has been trapped into a false marriage, resolves never to see Jack again, and shortly after sends him an announcement of her death. Believing in Madge's death, he returns to England, and allows himself to be committed to a marriage with the heiress. He and Madge are finally brought together, however, by means of their child, a son born while Jack was away; everything is explained, and the two are happy ever afterwards. The story is trite; putting letters into the wrong envelopes has been worn threadbare, and the book has no particular literary merit. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

WALTER BESANT'S novel 'The Demoniac' is a powerful illustration of the hereditary tendency to drink. A young Englishman of wealth and position is suddenly seized, while reading for honors at Cambridge, with a violent passion for liquor. As he has had no taste for it before, he believes at first that something strange has taken possession of him, but he soon discovers, with the regular recurrence of the desire for drink, that he is the victim of an hereditary passion. He tries to conquer it by a long ocean voyage, but the effort proving unsuccessful, he loses courage, resolves to leave his old haunts and companions, change his name, and begin a new life with poorer and humbler people. He finally marries in that class, and has a most happy home, or one that would be so, but for his periodical absences from home, when the old craving comes over him and he has to gratify it. His wife finally learns the truth, helps him to fight his battle against the demon when the time rolls round again, and with her aid he conquers it for the moment. Thinking him safe she leaves him the next time, but he

s not strong enough to win alone. He yields, and then is so filled with disgust with himself that he jumps from the bridge into the Thames and drowns himself. It is a thoroughly original story, well developed and interesting to the close. The vice of drunkenness has never been made more repulsive, and yet the figure of the drunkard is a most pathetic one, and inspires the greatest pity. (50 cts. United States Book Co.)

THE DISTINCT personality of Bret Harte's work makes his stories always a delight. 'A Ward of the Golden Gate' is no exception. It is simple in plot, and if upon scrutiny it seems clumsy and sometimes trite in construction, there is always the Colonel—that flower of Southern chivalry—to charm us, and the buoyant, saucy, tender womanhood of the heroine to recall our errant fancy. The 'Ward' (ridiculously named Yerba Buena) is the illegitimate daughter of a woman of the people, who endows her with a large fortune, places her in a convent, gives up all claim to her, and makes the Mayors of San Francisco, successively, and Col. Pendleton, President of the Eldorado Bank, her guardians, and then disappears from the scene to reappear at the eleventh hour as a pious and rigid disciplinarian, distributing tracts in a New York hospital. Yerba grows up in the convent, always questioning about her mysterious parentage; and finally this doubt leads her to refuse the suit of the man she loves, who was the third guardian and who knew all the particulars of the trust. This, with its accompanying incidents, is the narrative. It is not of this we wish to speak, but of our unqualified admiration for the character of the Colonel. His devotion to his trust, his heroism and self-abnegation in poverty and suffering, his hatred of hypocrisy and meanness, his quixotic chivalry and various duels in behalf of his ward, the integrity of his word, his humorous relation to his faithful old Negro, his expletives—the expletives of a gentleman,—all invest him with a certain attractive 'magnetism.' He dies, as did Col. Newcome, in a charity hospital, and if we lack the tenderness of Newcome's passing, we are sensible that the rougher environment of Col. Pendleton's life precluded such an end. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE TRANSLATION from the French of Jules Mary called 'The Shadow of Roger Laroque' makes rather a queer story. Roger's wife and daughter see him come home at 11 o'clock at night and, instead of entering his own house, creep into that of an old man opposite, murder him and put his money into his pockets. Circumstantial evidence is strong against him when he is finally arrested on suspicion, but his wife and daughter swear they have seen nothing. His defence is undertaken by his intimate friend, the force of whose eloquence is such that there is a strong probability he will be acquitted. The crime was not committed by Roger, but by a man who resembled him so closely that Roger's own family were persuaded of his guilt. The murderer, seeing the tide turning in Roger's favor, informed his friend and advocate that Roger had for some time been carrying on a liaison with his (the friend's) wife. The man is an invalid and the shock kills him, and Roger is left to fight his battle alone. He is sentenced to the galleys for life, but makes his escape to America, and there ends his days. The story has the merit of retaining one's interest to the close. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—THE UNION of the personality and literary capacity of Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps Ward with the Biblical knowledge of her husband insures the success of a story the scene of which is laid in Palestine during the life of Christ. 'Come Forth,' as its title announces, is the history of the raising of Lazarus. By the dramatic handling, by the local color, by the critical analysis of the times, by the admirable grouping of the salient features of the period, the authors have shown their peculiar fitness for the work of treating these Biblical scenes. Just whether the bloom of a story is not destroyed by the reader's almost prenatal familiarity with its chief situations and his anticipatory ardor cooled by such a title, is, however, a question worth considering. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'NO SAINT,' by Anne Bozeman Lyon, is the story of an American dilettante, who has talent enough for a great artist but who lacks inspiration and a definite purpose. He goes West for his health, and out there meets a very beautiful girl with whom he falls in love but from whom he runs away after having made her love him, because she is uneducated and beneath him in social position. He cannot bring himself to marry her on that account. She gives him the necessary inspiration for work, however. He goes to Paris, devotes himself to sculpture, and finally executes a statue of the woman he has deserted which proves his masterpiece and establishes his reputation. He finally returns to America, and discovers, after the manner of such romances, that his sweetheart is the daughter of wealthy parents, has at last come into possession

of her money, and has had herself educated in her lover's absence. She feels she has been shamefully treated by him, but of course forgives him, and everything is happily settled. It is, on the whole, a very inane story. (50 cts. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.)

—IN A MODERN story called 'Wheat and Tares,' written by Sir Henry Stuart Cunningham, there occurs the following paragraph: 'How very nice and right it is that bad books should be written—not merely stupid books, or ignorant, or ridiculous, but thoroughly and emphatically bad, like this one, for instance, of Mr. Atherton's.' After reading the volume under consideration, one unhesitatingly jumps to the conclusion that the author has offered this opinion as an apology for inflicting his book upon a long-suffering public. Admitting the correctness of the premise that it is 'nice and right that bad books should be written,' we fail to discover the especial *raison d'être* of this particularly bad book. It relates the adventures, through one summer, of a number of people at Westborough on the coast of England. They are very commonplace people and lead very commonplace lives, but the book closes with the suicide of one of the men for a most insufficient cause. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

THE CHARMING little tale of 'Maroussia' emerges from the Ukraine, 'the endless and balmy steppe' which is the leafy ocean that lies in the heart of Russia. Here the Cossacks lived and loved and wrought; here Maroussia, the Cossack's daughter, unfolds the story of her heroic death in accents of childlike charm and simple tenderness. Great, shaggy Russia is not so uncouth after all; under Esau's hair is Esau's heart: the Slav is made up of mingled fibres of ferocity and gentleness. Taras Bulba revealed this in that wonderful epic of Gogol; Tourguéneff reveals it in his strong and tender books; Stahl accentuates it in this story. Crows and wolves freeze to death in that inhospitable climate, but not such as the girl Maroussia with her warm human heart and glowing energy—not, at least, till her mission is fulfilled and she dies at the bridge. The translation, by Cornelia W. Cyr, from the French of P. J. Stahl, is far from faultless, but it is readable. (\$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.)—'THE ALCHEMIST,' a new translation of Balzac's 'Search for the Absolute,' is pretty well done, notwithstanding a curious use of the word 'virtuality' for *virtuosity*, and such occasional slips here and there. Miss Wormeley's finished translation of the same book under the title 'The Alkahest' was reviewed at length in *The Critic* some time ago. In this story Balzac has compressed a world of passion, of infatuation, of startling soul-analysis and alchemistic lore; and all this he enshrines in Holland tiles and Dutch landscapes like a legend running round a chimney-piece. (\$1. Robt. Bonner's Sons.)

CHILDREN'S STORIES are difficult things to write successfully, but William Everett, in 'Thine, Not Mine' and 'Double Play,' has given us two which are well calculated to please. His idea in the first volume is that juvenile books need not be all juvenile; that the hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows of the earlier generation may well be told in connection with those of the later, and the family rather than the child be the central unit of the story. In the second volume he has no hair-breadth 'scapes or fearful sensations, but deals with the manner in which his boys' days are actually passed and the troubles the young fellows really go through. The reader of his 'Changing Base,' reprinted without revision after the lapse of twenty years, will hardly share the fear of the author's 'kind friends' that some of the scenes described in its pages may corrupt the impressionable youth of to-day. (\$1.25 each. Roberts Bros.)—'A ROUGH SHAKING,' by George MacDonald, the author of 'Robert Falconer,' 'David Elginbrod,' 'Aleck Forbes,' etc., is an interesting story of the life and adventures of 'Clare Skymmer,' into which all sorts of anecdotes of animals are introduced. Their loyalty and, in some instances, their almost human intelligence are dwelt upon at length and with considerable skill. The volume has twelve full-page illustrations by W. Parkinson. (\$1.50. George Routledge & Sons.)—'AUNT DOROTHY' is an old Virginia plantation story, written by Margaret J. Preston, and republished from *Harper's Magazine*. The dialect is ordinary, and the story only one of the many that have been written of late years about life on the Southern plantations. There is one good touch in it, however—'Aunt Dorothy's' endeavor upon her death-bed to retain the reins of government forever, and manage her household in death as she had always done in life. (60 cts. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—THE EVERYDAY doings of 'Prince Dimple,' how he looked, how he ate and drank and slept, what he played with, in fact all the many remarkable things that prove him to be the exact counterpart of every other baby in the world, are enthusiastically told by Mrs. George A. Paul in a prettily bound and illustrated volume issued by A. D. F. Randolph & Co. (\$1.25.)

Magazine Notes

THE third of Sir Edwin Arnold's articles on Japan, in *Scribner's* for February includes a poem on 'The Musmee,' or Japanese girl, and an account in prose, hardly less enthusiastic, of a Japanese dinner. There are pictures of temples, and tea-houses, and waiter-girls, and the dinner-party in question. 'Mount Washington in Winter' is shown in many aspects, looking up from the forest at its base, looking down from its summit, looking over the top of a snow-storm; with sun-dogs and snow-feathers by way of variety. 'About Africa' is illustrated with maps, portraits, and pictures of idols and instruments of torture used in the slave trade. Richard Henry Stoddard gives some specimens of the contents of 'A Box of Autographs'—the clear handwriting of Addison, Burns's scrawl, William Cullen Bryant's fine chirography, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's masculine-looking hand, and Poe's extremely neat copy. 'Neapolitan Art' has a portrait of Michetti, the painter of gypsy-like children and enormous pumpkins, and engravings of several of his pictures.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of Edwin Booth has been engraved for the frontispiece of *Harper's* for February, where it is accompanied by some lines by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The number is rich in illustrated articles of travel. Finland is the country described in two of these by Albert Edelfelt and Henry Lansdell, D.D., with pictures of lakes and old castles, the observatory at Abo, the fish-market at Helsingfors, local beauties, customs and characters. 'The Heart of the Desert,' by Charles Dudley Warner, takes us through the Yosemite, along the coast of Monterey, to the Indian town of Laguna and the banded rocks of Colorado. 'Smith's Channel and the Straits of Magellan' has pictures of Mount Sarmiento, Molyneux Sound, with penguins basking on the rocks, and glaciers, and fur-dealers, and fat Patagonian women. A set of humorous sketches by Thackeray, 'The Heroic Adventures of M. Boudine,' is reproduced, with comment by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. 'In the Stranger People's Country' is continued, and there is a story by Edward Everett Hale, 'Both their Houses,' and one by Geraldine Bonner, 'The Bond.'

A long critical essay on Thomas Buchanan Read, from the pen of Richard Henry Stoddard, appears in *Lippincott's* for February. Maurice Francis Egan, in a sonnet, commends to other women Portia's example in undertaking the practise of the law. Joaquin Miller describes 'A Mountain Mirage.' Julien Gordon says that 'Men's Women' inspire aversion in the greater number of their own sex—as if all women were not men's women! Julian Hawthorne proposes 'An American Kew,' and hopes that the necessary millionaire will come to the help of the Torrey Botanical Club, which, some time ago, started the project. Charles Morris puts forth 'A New Theory of the Universe,' based on what may be described as a free fight among comets. The novelette of the number is 'A Wave of Life,' by Clyde Fitch.

'Nikolai Palkin' ('Nicholas of the Rods'), a story of barbarism in the Russian Army, by Count Tolstoi, appears in *The Cosmopolitan* for February. It is illustrated with four portraits, one of the Emperor Nicholas I., who is referred to in the title; two of Tolstoi as an author, and the other showing the author as a farmer plowing in the fields. 'Chateaux in Touraine,' by Elsie A. de Wolfe, hitherto known as an amateur actress, has as illustrations views of an old Gothic 'Portal at Blois,' of the chateaux of that place, of Chaumont, and Chambord, and a view from the river of the old town of Amboise, with many others. 'Prince Talleyrand and his Memoirs' form the subject of an article by H. de Bury, with portraits. 'A Western Mansion' of a particularly gorgeous type is described by George H. Yenowine. Jeannette L. Gilder recounts some passages in the life of 'An Early American Princess,' Miss Caroline Fraser of Bordentown, who married Prince Lucien Murat. Other articles are 'Gambling Sharps and Their Tools,' 'The Welsh in the United States,' and 'Women Clerks in New York.'

The *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for January contains four essays. The first is by James Bonar, on 'The Value of Labor in Relation to Economic Theory,' and though it offers nothing specially striking, is nevertheless suggestive on certain points. 'Reform in Railroad Fares,' by Edmund J. James, is an account of the new systems of passenger rates now in operation in Austria and Hungary, and will interest persons who have to deal with the railroad problem on its practical side. Frank L. Olmsted has an article on 'The Tobacco Tax,' reviewing the history and operation of the tax in this country, and concluding with the remark that 'if there is any one point in taxation on which the experience of modern nations is agreed, that point is the fitness of tobacco to be taxed, and to be taxed at a high rate, if there be need.' The fourth article in the *Journal* is by Eugen von Philippovich on 'The Verein für Sozialpolitik,' an organization of the so-called 'socialists

of the chair,' which, according to the writer of the article, is beginning to have an influence on practical legislation. Besides these longer papers, the *Journal* contains many shorter articles which are quite as good in quality. Among the notes and memoranda we notice with interest the announcement of the formation of the British Economic Association, in November last, for the promotion of economic studies by all the means usually employed by such societies, and in particular by the establishment of a journal, the first number of which is to appear in March. Another magazine is also to be started in England, to be called *The Economic Review*, which will discuss chiefly the moral and social aspects of economic problems.

The first number of *The Educational Review*, edited by Prof. N. M. Butler of Columbia, and devoted to the treatment of educational topics in all their aspects, opens with an essay by President D. C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins on 'The Shortening of the College Curriculum,' in which the opinion is somewhat guardedly expressed that such shortening as is proposed at Harvard can be effected without harm. The next article is by Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, on 'Fruitful Lines of Investigation in Psychology.' Neither its tone nor its substance can be specially commended. Prof. Josiah Royce begins a series of papers entitled 'Is There a Science of Education?' a question which he inclines to answer in the negative. Superintendent Draper discusses 'The Limits of State Control in Education,' and Mr. Charles de Garmo contributes the first of a series of articles on 'The Herbartian School of Pedagogics.' These essays occupy nearly one-half of the *Review*, the remainder being filled with discussions, editorials, book-reviews and miscellaneous matter. There is ample field in this country for such a magazine as this is designed to be, and this opening number is in many respects promising. The longer papers, however, are not, as a whole, up to the high standard that such a publication should maintain. But a magazine cannot be satisfactorily judged by its first issue, and with a little more care and thoroughness, the *Review* may become a useful instrument in the cause of education and an honor to the country.

The second (January) number of *The International Journal of Ethics* is not up to the standard of the first. The opening paper, on 'The Rights of Minorities,' by D. G. Ritchie, has some excellent points, the author taking the ground that 'the all-important and essential right of minorities is the right to turn themselves into majorities if they can,' which implies the right of free discussion. Another article of interest is that by W. L. Sheldon on Cardinal Newman, who is praised for his readiness to act on his principles—a readiness that shows to advantage in comparison with the hesitation and inactivity of many so-called 'advanced thinkers.' M. F. H. Giddings contributes a brief but suggestive paper on 'The Ethics of Socialism,' with synopses of the views of Steinthal and Paulsen. Mr. J. H. Muirhead makes an attempt to express religious ideas in the language of atheistic evolutionism; and the other papers in the *Journal* are too slight to receive mention. We hope the editors will hereafter exact a higher quality of work from their contributors than is shown in some of the articles in this number.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature makes a strong bid for the favor of all who are interested in the progress of theological science, or who would watch the current of religious thought. The editor is Prof. S. D. F. Salmon, D.D., whose name is a tower of strength. Dr. Salmon is Professor of Systematic Theology and New Testament Exegesis in the Free College, Aberdeen, Scotland. An unmistakable sympathy with the modern spirit in Biblical criticism, exegesis and philosophy is visible in the articles. These, in the first number, are mainly terse and clear reviews of recent English, German, and American publications in various departments of Biblical learning, each being signed by the reviewer. The list of names among the contributors is certainly a strong one, for we see those of Rainy, Plummer, Davidson, Driver, Bruce, Dods, Blaikie, Inness, Stalker, Iverach and Salmon. Among the authors reviewed are Martineau, Döllinger, Wright, Hatch, Hodge, Liddon, Farrar, Erdmann and Van Soden. Nothing more compact or desirable in periodical literature, to those ministers who would keep abreast with contemporary Christian thought, is furnished on either side of the Atlantic than *The Critical Review*. We write upon the presumption that the first number is not an extraordinary but an average one. The American publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. WALFORD, the English antiquary, is soliciting subscriptions to pay for recutting the inscription on the tomb of George Chapman, the translator of Homer, who lies buried in the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London.

London Letter

NATURALLY the great topic of the day is the frost, and literary people, as well as all other sorts and conditions of people are to be found on the ice. Publishers and editors skate together in unity; proof-sheets and printers' errors are forgotten for the nonce; and the only figures discussed are 'eights' and 'threes.' A pleasant article on 'The Great Frost of 1814' in the *Daily Graphic* of Friday last made us think a little less of our 'Great Frost of 1890-91.' So far, the river Thames has not been made a highway; nor has there been held on its frozen surface a fair. Nor—in spite of the Scottish Railway strike—can we boast of any such thrilling experiences as are depicted in the above article. The illustrations of it, taken from old prints, would of themselves make the number a success; but, to be sure, the *Daily Graphic* is always a success; it is a perfect miracle how it keeps so uniformly up to its first high mark, and how it contrives to spin such admirable yarn out of such (occasionally) poor threads.

The Strand Magazine has made all the running this month as regards magazines. The day it was out it was to be seen everywhere. It seemed to be in everybody's hands. It entered every omnibus, and took itself off in every departing train. In the evening it dined out—so to speak—at innumerable literary dinner-parties. As a matter of fact, the new venture was well started, and stood the test magnificently. It was full of good things, and the idea of exhibiting on one page four or five different likenesses of the same individual at different periods of life was, to the best of my knowledge, as original as it was entertaining. These portraits are to be continued, and the next set is being eagerly looked for. They have an interesting as well as an amusing side. Mr. Rider Haggard, for instance, as the baby-boy in petticoats, and Mr. Rider Haggard ascending the ladder of years, until we reach the eyeglass we all know so well—how curiously the same face! It appears in each one. As for Mr. Swinburne, he has, on the contrary, altered in a most amazing manner. The powerful, thoughtful countenance of to-day has left behind all traces of the sentimental youth whose appearance must have been a trial to any hostess mindful of the look of her rooms, thirty years ago. Irving of course is *toujours* Irving. From first to last there is precisely the same cast of features, broadened and elongated, furrowed a little mayhap, by years—but the same in all essentials, as in the first smooth days of youth. Space forbids mention of more; but on every coast I venture to predict that those who bought the first number of *The Strand Magazine* will buy, at any rate, the second.

Mr. Charles Welsh sends me word that his 'Notes on the History of Books for Children' will be concluded in the February number of *Newberry House Magazine*. This article will include letters from various literary people about the books that pleased them most in infancy and youth.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's piercing note has again been raised on the marriage question, and 'The Revolt against Matrimony' in the new number of *The Forum* is likely to provoke some controversy. Surely such a trenchant pen might be wielded to better purpose than in pleading for easier divorce, and in jeering at the idea of womanly constancy! The present paper is indeed as cleverly and mercilessly written as anything ever produced by the author of 'The Girl of the Period,' but I gladly note that *The St. James's Gazette* says 'Even men will question whether they are quite so often free-lovers as Mrs. Linton seems to think.'

Kinglake and Keene gone! It is somewhat curious, considering the rare use made of this letter of the alphabet, that the two most recent deaths among notables should rob the K's. Kinglake, indeed, was not of late the prominent figure in London society he had once been; all his powers as a brilliant conversationalist and politician had been gradually swallowed up in the one great object of his life; he had made up his mind that his time and every talent he possessed should be devoted exclusively to this one work; and whilst this consecration and concentration doubtless made 'Kinglake's Crimea' what it was, it permitted no room for other successes. The vast pains taken and the stubborn perseverance displayed by this most praiseworthy of historians may be gathered from the following entry:—'I was constantly finding out that new facts quite changed the proportion of things,' wrote Kinglake, when in the very middle of his task; 'often a quantity of work had to be done over again, because it had been begun at the wrong end.' Yet never for an instant did he grudge that twice-done work, nor shirk the conviction that it had been 'begun at the wrong end.' Of such stuff should historians be made.

Of a different order of men was Charles Keene, the 'C.K.' of *Punch*, whose well-known initials at the foot of a design, have been for many years the sign for the shrewdest and most caustic, yet withal not ill-natured, observation of the little weaknesses and vulgarities of humanity. It will not be easy to replace that delightful

pencil; and in addition to the wide circle of personal friends who are now lamenting the loss of one rightly termed 'one of the first draughtsmen of the age,' there are many thousands who will weekly deplore that the place which once knew Charles Keene knows him no more.

It must be confessed that the Guelph Exhibition owes all, or nearly all, its interest to other sources than the Guelphs. We have had two former collections in the New Gallery: in the first, we all went entirely to see what could be seen of anything pertaining to the ill-starred, romantic, royal house of Stuart. They were a fantastic, selfish, spendthrift set, those Stuarts—but they had blue blood in every vein. Scarce could anyone refuse a glow of pity and of tenderness while gazing on the dim and tarnished appurtenances of their lavish hey-day. The Tudors furnished the next show, and the Tudors were a sturdy, burly race, whom it was not safe to deny or defy; who bullied and browbeat their own favorites; plundered their own coffers; and said 'Quits' with the world generally. We must respectfully behold the relics of the Tudors. But the Guelphs, as Guelphs, have hardly planted their footsteps on the sands of Time; wherefore it has behoved the committee of the present exhibition to fall back upon other sources for inspiration. In the Guelph era, science, art and literature have flourished, great men and great women have lived, and much that is both great and good has been done. Odds and ends pertaining to these distinguished subjects have accordingly been ferreted out, and to them belong, it must be conceded, the sole interest of the present collection. Thus we have Robert Burns's tumbler, with verses cut by the poet with a diamond on both sides: Lord Powerscourt's snuff-box, on which is a painting of the Hell Fire Club: the silver pen presented to Johnson by Burke on the completion of his monumental 'Dictionary': Flaxman's original designs for the *Odyssey*: and the sword worn by Byron while in Greece. Not much to speak of; but worth a shilling if you are passing and have a spare minute to look in at the New Gallery.

In an old Westmoreland seat, there is on view just now a rather remarkable set of old MSS. The bulk of these were penned by one Sir Daniel Fleming (ancestor of the Mr. Le Fleming who courteously permits the public access to the collection),—and as this gentleman flourished during the Commonwealth, and in the three succeeding reigns, and sent up to headquarters voluminous accounts of all that went on in the North, it may be supposed that there is many a quaint document. Against Quakers the worthy knight was very virulent. Penn may be at pains to assure him, as he does very positively, that 'the King is averse to such troublesome work' as hunting down Papists, 'Conventiclers' and the like,—Sir Daniel cares not a whit whether the King be or not. He is not averse to it; on the contrary, he is, to use his own words, 'forever spurring on' the magistrates to convict and levy fines; and 'it is as clear as the day,' he cries, 'that nothing will convince them of their errors so soon as the drawing of money from them, for a great part of their religion in spite of their zeal and pretences is tied to their purse-strings,—a taunt which, however, William Penn would certainly never hear, and which posterity will not endorse.'

LONDON, Jan. 14, 1891.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

THE INTEREST which attaches to the identification of the authorship of poetical quotations has been pleasantly excited in literary circles here by the doubts thrown on the correctness of the use by Sir Lyon Playfair, in a speech delivered at Leeds not long ago, of some verses which he credited to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. In one of these verses occurs this expression:—

This little speck, the British Isles?

'Tis but a freckle, never mind it!

After referring to the 'kindly irony' of these lines, Sir Lyon Playfair quoted others to show Dr. Holmes's admiration of England. His speech being published in pamphlet form reached a member of the British Legation at Washington, who disputed in a letter to Sir Lyon Playfair the correctness of the statement that Dr. Holmes wrote these lines. He added that a friend of his had asked the Doctor if he had written the verses, and that he had replied that he had no recollection of them. It so happened that a Boston gentleman, with whom Sir Lyon Playfair is connected by marriage, asked a friend if he knew who wrote the lines, and he at once replied Dr. Holmes, and added that they occurred in a poem written as a 'send-off' to Charles Mackay on his return to England. This fact does not appear in the name of the poem, which is entitled 'A Good Time Going!' though it is obvious from the references in the text.

I must confess, however, that it is not at all clear to my mind that Dr. Holmes did not recollect his own verses, for his memory

is as keen as ever; but even if he did not at once recall having written them, the fact only shows that a genuine poet is less likely to remember his productions than a mere versifier, whose memory for his 'tags of rhyme' is apt to be painfully familiar to his friends.

There is a romance about the life of Petrarch which is apt to overshadow in the popular estimation his more enduring claims to distinction, and it is one of the merits of a volume which Roberts Bros. will publish on Feb. 5, that the true influence of the man is clearly set forth. The author of 'Petrarch: A Sketch of His Life and Works' is May Alden Ward, who wrote a similar book about Dante, and she has done good service in putting in popular form the facts about the famous Italian's work. Petrarch himself, as she shows, did not expect to be remembered as the lover of Laura or the writer of the sonnets. His life achievement was the opening of the gates of antiquity to the modern world, and in the view of the historical student his services as precursor of the Renaissance and one of the great triumvirate who created the Italian language and inaugurated the Italian literature surpass even the title to fame conferred by his matchless lyrics.

One of the penalties of Petrarch's fame is illustrated by an account of the inundation of letters and poetry on his attention. A cardinal having sent him a poem of three hundred and seventy lines, composed in an hour, Petrarch exclaimed: 'Have mercy! Three hundred and seventy lines in an hour! What would you do in a day, in a month, in a year? Stop for charity, or I die! I cannot measure myself with you, beside whom Virgil and Homer would appear pygmies.' The numerous extracts from Petrarch's letters add to the interest of the book.

Joseph Henry Allen, author of 'Christian History in Its Three Great Periods,' 'Hebrew Men and Times,' etc., is well-known as a scholar and thinker of liberal views on theological questions, and his 'Positive Religion: Essays, Fragments and Hints,' which Roberts Bros. are to bring out on Feb. 5, shows the trend of his thought in this direction. Among the subjects treated are the following:—'How Religions Grow,' 'A Religion of Trust,' 'The Death of Jesus,' 'A Question of a Future Life,' 'The Bright Side,' 'Religion and Modern Life.' The book is marked by vigor and breadth of thought and cleanness of style.

'Power through Repose' is the title of a book of deep practical significance for this overworked generation, which, when it seeks rest, does not know how to secure it, and the author, Miss Annie Call, has made a valuable addition to the philosophy of living. She shows that not only is the body's guidance neglected or misunderstood, but that even the rest-cures, the most simple and harmless of the nerve-restorers, serve a mistaken end. That few people know how to rest in sleep, most of them trying to hold themselves to the bed instead of letting the bed hold them, is clearly shown, and the large amount of nervous energy unnecessarily expended in driving, in riding in a railway car, and even while waiting, is forcibly illustrated. The effect of undue nervous excitement on the brain and the means of neutralizing it are pointed out. Nervous strain in pain and sickness and in the emotions is dwelt upon. Sham emotions, which are especially weakening, are said to be 'a woman's form of getting drunk, and nervous prostration is its delirium tremens.' The help for these cases, it is urged, is to make the life objective instead of subjective. To relax the muscles, and thus quiet the nerves, is the way of combating the worries of existence.

The simplicity and freedom of a baby are held up, in a chapter on 'The Child as an Ideal,' as an example for men and women to profit by; the philosophy of gymnastics is elucidated, mind-training is inculcated, and the artistic side of the relations of bodily and mental development is emphasized. Singing and acting are considered from the standpoint of sincerity and simplicity, which are the foundations of art; and here, as elsewhere in the book, there is a practical wisdom which goes hand in hand with the principles laid down. The book, which will be published by Roberts Bros. on Feb. 5, will fill an important place in the education alike of mind and body.

In the fourth edition of 'Poems,' by Emily Dickinson, which the same firm will bring out on the same date, the price has been popularized. The growing demand for these remarkable poems is encouraging for the success of the contemplated volumes of prose and poetry by the same author.

'Dreams,' by Olive Schreiner (author of 'The Story of an African Farm'), which Roberts Bros. have just published, is attracting a good deal of attention by the depth of feeling with which, in the guise of allegory, the trials of life and their compensations are depicted.

Mr. William H. Rideing is finishing his work in connection with the series of articles on Ocean Steamers which will appear in *Scribner's* during the spring and summer. Mr. Rideing finds time for continuing his contributions to magazine literature while retaining his dual relations with *The North American Review* and *The Youth's Companion*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley have received marked attentions in literary circles during the past week, and among their entertainers were Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

BOSTON, Jan. 26, 1891.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

LAST WEEK was a great week for the story-tellers, and a great week for the listeners—the people who are 'all ears,'—too. In the first place, after-dinner speeches were made and stories told at the Fellowship Club, after the monthly dinner on Tuesday evening. Frank R. Stockton, T. P. O'Connor, M. P., Moncure D. Conway, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Thomas Nelson Page were the *raconteurs* on this occasion. Then, on Thursday evening, Mr. Page, Mr. Smith and Mr. Stockton were heard again at the Aldine Club, where the Committee on Entertainments had arranged a 'Story-tellers' Night,' with a list of speakers that included, besides these three, the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, Bill Nye, John Kendrick Bangs and James Mapes Dodge; while the story-telling was supplemented by the singing of a humorous song by Evert Wendell and the performance of sleight-of-hand tricks by Dr. Wm. K. Otis. Cigars, cigarettes, and bowls of Lone-Jack, with long-stemmed clay pipes to smoke it in, were passed freely around, and the library of the Club, which runs the whole length of the second floor of the house, was soon as thick with smoke as a London street with fog on a damp day; yet the story-tellers' voices were as audible as if the room had been free from tobacco, and the card, the egg and the handkerchief tricks of the legerdemainist were visible through the densest clouds. A cold collation was served in the course of the evening, and at midnight, when Bill Nye had to run away to catch the Staten Island ferryboat and Mr. Dodge to overtake the Philadelphia train, the members and their guests were in a mood to vote the night the jolliest in the history of the Club.

THE NAME of Mr. Dodge is probably unfamiliar to most of my readers, yet there is no better story-teller to be heard in America to-day. He is a young man (between thirty and forty, I should say), the son and only surviving child of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, author of 'Hans Brinker' and editor of *St. Nicholas*, who is the author, also, of that immensely popular skit, 'Mrs. Meloney on the Chinese Question.' It is from his mother, no doubt, that he inherits his gift of story-telling; for most of his stories, and some of the very best of them, are of his own invention. His skill in oral narration is perfect, his mastery of humorous dialect complete. It is unfortunate that talent so marked should not be turned to greater account—that thousands instead of hundreds should not get the benefit of his inimitable drolleries; but Mr. Dodge is a particularly hard-working man, whose appearances, even on such occasions as an Aldine 'night,' are necessarily infrequent. By residence he is a Philadelphian, and by profession a mechanic—an ingenious and prosperous inventor.

I AM INDEBTED to Mr. James, a Cincinnati bookseller, for a four-page reprint of a paper read before the Cincinnati Society of Natural History in memory of Thomas W. Spurlock, who died on Jan. 19, 1884, at the age of eighty-one. Mr. Spurlock seems to have been a man of exemplary deportment and considerable intelligence. He was the finder of 'the rare trilobite *Proetus spurlocki*,' as well as of 'the beautiful polyzoan *Ptilodictya shafferi*.' Yet neither his discoveries nor his piety would have made his name known to the great public, nor provoked any allusion to him in the pages of this journal, had not Mr. Harris, Mr. Allen and Mr. Hibbard all three, as by common accord, hit upon his uncommon cognomen as a fitting name for three different characters in the December magazines. If Mr. Spurlock were to awake now, he would find his name famous.

A WELL-KNOWN musician of this city tells me that Wagner, when a young man, wrote a sonata which had a fair success, but was so little to his taste, when his taste had matured, that in after life he made every effort to suppress it. Going to the publisher he said, 'Have you any copies of that miserable thing still unsold?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'I have quite a number of them in stock.' 'Send them to me at once, with a bill,' said the composer. A thousand copies were soon afterwards delivered at his door. The bill was a big one, but it was paid, somewhat grudgingly, and Wagner thought he had done with the thing. What was his surprise, then, at receiving, two or three months later on, another consignment, this time of five hundred copies. 'I thought you had only a thousand of these things,' he protested. 'That was all I had in stock,' explained the dealer; 'but these have been returned by my agents, to whom I wrote that you wished to have the sonata suppressed.'

Wagner winced; but there was nothing for it but to pay the bill. And thereafter, whenever business was dull with this crafty publisher, a few hundred copies of the sonata would be struck off on shop-worn paper, and delivered at the composer's door, with a memorandum to the effect that they had just come back from remote places where they had been sent for sale. In this way the music-dealer threw mightily at the credulous composer's expense. 'The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.'

UNDER THE TITLE of 'Phyllis' and over the signature of Alice Anabel Graves there appears in the January *Century* this fanciful quatrain:—

Last week Phyllis gave me the key to her heart,
With a glance that was trusting and gay.
But alas! when in triumph I tried it, I found
She had changed the lock the next day.

The Argus-eyed press has not been slow to point out that some years since the late John Boyle O'Reilly wrote a quatrain called 'The Coquette,' which runs as follows:—

'You gave me the key to your heart my love,
Then why do you make me knock?'
'Oh! that was yesterday, saints, above!
And last night I changed the lock!'

Miss Graves promptly informed the editor of the magazine that she was quite unconscious of the fact that O'Reilly had written such a quatrain, and reminded him that after sending her own lines for publication, she had written to suggest that they be not used, as she found that a very similar sentiment had been expressed (in prose) by Sainte-Beuve, who died in 1869. Her assurance of good faith has been willingly accepted by the editor, and as both Sainte-Beuve and O'Reilly are beyond caring for such trifles, the charge of plagiarism is not likely to be pressed.

I CANNOT SEE why anyone should find the titles of Prof. Drummond's books particularly hard to remember; yet only a fortnight since I recorded that in Kansas City a lady insisted upon calling 'The Greatest Thing in the World' 'The Biggest Thing on Earth'; and within the past few days I have seen an order from a New York bookseller to the publisher of the book for one copy of 'Packs for Biscomb'! I have sometimes been incredulous, when told of the grotesque mistakes made by illiterate readers in ordering well-known books; but after seeing this ingenious distortion of the title 'Pax Vobiscum,' I am prepared to credit anything that I hear or read of in this line.

WALT WHITMAN's article on American literature will not appear in *The North American Review* for February, having been crowded out by more timely material. Literature is a subject that will keep: it is never new and never old. Among the 'timelier' articles is an exchange of arguments between 'Ouida' and Father Ignatius on the subject of Christianity. Ouida argues that the Christian religion is a failure; that its doctrines are socialistic while its practice makes hypocrites, and in short that there is no good in it. She rushes through the subject like a whirlwind, tossing her arms in the air in protest against the iniquities done in the name of Christianity, and using arguments that would convince a Cooper Union Sunday-night audience that she was right. But she is all wrong, as you will see when the *Review* is published, and you read her diatribe and the counter arguments of Father Ignatius. The good monk deals gently with her, but scatters her rhetoric to the winds like chaff.

NO OTHER American translator from the Russian enjoys such advantages in rendering the works of Tolstoy as Isabel F. Hapgood. Miss Hapgood not only knows Russian thoroughly, but is on terms of intimacy with Tolstoy himself. She has the manuscripts of his novels before they are printed. That of 'The Kreutzer Sonata' was given to her for translation, but she declined the responsibility of introducing the story to the American public. Consequently there has been no direct translation of it from the Russian into the English language. The versions that have been put upon the market were made from the French—though their translators neglected to mention that fact. A translation from an original manuscript of Tolstoy (or 'Tolstoy,' as she spells it) is published by Miss Hapgood in the current *Cosmopolitan*, with three portraits of the author, one of which represents him in the fields, plowing and harrowing at the same time. This labor-saving device is worthy of Yankee invention. As the Count guides the plow, he also leads a horse that pulls the harrow. The picture is not from an instantaneous photograph, but from the sketch for a large painting made from the life by a popular Russian painter, who gave it to Miss Hapgood.

RUDYARD KIPLING's 'Light that Failed' was published here in a syndicate of newspapers, and in *Lippincott's Magazine*; and Messrs. Macmillan & Co. purchased the right to print it separately in covers. It is the author's first novelette, and he was naturally anxious to make the story as good as he possibly could. When he had finished it, it occurred to his ingenious mind that if it ended differently it would be a great deal better; so he sat down and dashed off a new and much more elaborate conclusion, and sent it flying across the Atlantic. It came too late, however, for the newspapers and the magazine, but just in time for publication in book form; and the demand for the bound volume will doubtless be doubled by the fact that it is, to all intents and purposes, a new thing. Mr. Kipling must not make a practice of this sort of thing, however; it savors too much of trifling with that great gull, the public. There seems to be a general impression, by the way, that 'The Light that Failed' was Kipling's own, when he began writing his recent papers on America.

THE LONDON *Publishers' Circular* comes to us no more in its shining dress of apple-green. The last number to reach me is of about the same size and shape as *The Critic*, though its make-up is much more like that of *The Athenaeum*, the type being in three narrow columns to the page instead of two broad ones, with a horizontal line at the top and vertical ones between the columns. There is more editorial matter than heretofore, and a department signed 'Idler,' somewhat on the lines of the *Lounger*, has been added. According to this 'Idler,' the literary statistician of England has been upon the war-path and proves by figures that do not lie that the most popular British author, 'past or present,' is not Shakespeare nor Scott, but Dickens. Should Mr. Howells come across these figures, says the Idler, 'they will serve as a text for another of his neat and delightful sermons on English bad taste. I shall read the sermon with pleasure; and, while admiring its deftly turned phrases, none of us is likely to regret that the genial and charitable Dickens, whose art may be bad, but whose heart was in the right place, is popular. Long may the laureate of the poor hold his place!'

WITH the first of the year there was a change in the firm of Samson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington (publishers of *The Publishers' Circular*), caused by the retirement of Messrs. Searle and Rivington. I suspect that these gentlemen retired for the purpose of curtailing the name of the firm, but the official announcement gives as a reason that the constant wear and tear of business 'had impaired Mr. Searle's health, and being 'possessed of means for the indulgence of the luxury of having nothing to do,' he intends to enjoy it. Mr. Rivington will hereafter devote his energies and capital to 'the business of electric lighting.' That these gentlemen parted from their old associates with their best wishes is shown by the fact that they were the recipients of 'a silver inkstand, each, accompanied by a very handsomely illuminated testimonial.'

George Bancroft

MR. BANCROFT was buried on Wednesday, Jan. 21, at Worcester, Mass., where he was born on Oct. 3, 1800. The funeral party arrived from Washington on the New York and New England Railway at 6:45 A.M. Hundreds of people visited the baggage-room, to view the casket and the beautiful floral tributes, which included those from the Emperor of Germany, the President, the Vice-President and Chief Justice Fuller. Accompanying the remains were Mr. John C. Bancroft, Mr. Bancroft's son; Col. Alexander Bliss, his stepson; and Mr. A. Taylor. At 10:30 a procession was formed, and the remains were taken to Rural Cemetery and interred in the family lot. Meanwhile the bells were tolled, and in the public schools exercises commemorative of the dead historian were held.

Mr. Bancroft's will, placed in probate at Washington on the 26th inst., is dated April 30, 1887. In trust for his grand-daughter, Susanne Marie Louise Bancroft, he bequeathes thirty-six shares in various railroads at a par value of \$1000 each and forty shares amounting at par value to \$4000. He directs that all the rest of the stocks, bonds and securities be set aside as a trust fund, and advises that they be held until maturity as an undivided fund, and out of this, while the estate is in the hands of the executors and trustees, there is to be paid to his sister, Lucretia, an annuity of \$2000; to his daughter-in-law, Sarah Bancroft, wife of George Bancroft, an annuity of 5000 francs; to George Bancroft an annuity of \$1200, to Martha Thompson an annuity of \$250, to Carl Thurman Braatz an annuity of \$365, to William Francis Minor an annuity of \$100, and \$150 each to Lydia L. Pendergast, Catherine McNamee, John Ryan, George Thomas; \$100 to Ellen Feeny,

\$10,000 to the grandchildren of his late wife and the children of Col. Bliss, and \$5000 to his niece, Mrs. Clara J. Davis. To Harvard College he gives his portraits. His manuscript historical collections are to be offered for sale to the Library of Congress, and in the event of their not being purchased, to be offered to any public library or body, the money to be added to the undivided fund. The library and printed works are to be sold, preferably to some one institution, and this money is to go to the undivided fund. The income from his copyrights is also to go to this undivided fund.

Mr. Bancroft's name stood fourth upon the list of 'Forty Immortals' elected by the readers of *The Critic* in April, 1884, being preceded only by those of Holmes, Lowell and Whittier. It is the tenth to be stricken from that list by death, and the first to be removed since the election of July, 1890, to fill vacancies.

We referred last week to Prof. Wm. Sloane's exceedingly interesting paper in *The Century* of January, 1887, on 'George Bancroft: In Society, in Politics, in Letters'; and from that article we now extract the account, obtained at first-hand from Mr. Bancroft himself, of the historian's meetings with Goethe and Byron.

It was during a Göttingen vacation, four years after the battle of Waterloo, that Bancroft met Goethe for the first time at Jena [1819]. It was early in the forenoon; Bancroft had an introduction from one of the professors, and Goethe received him in the garden of the great house where the poet was occupying an apartment assigned by the grand duke. The interview was altogether informal; Goethe's manner was unstudied and natural, gracious and simple, although he was then over seventy years old. He was clad in the ordinary costume of the time, except that there was no waistcoat under his frock, and the shirt he wore showed by the stains on the ruffle that he had not made his toilet for the day. The conversation was on the topics of the hour in literature and the politics of Germany. On parting he gave Bancroft a letter to the librarian at Weimar, with directions to ascertain whether his family could receive the young American. They did so, and entertained him in the kindest manner. A second interview took place at Weimar early in 1821. It was rather in the nature of an audience than like the friendly talk of the previous time. Goethe was carefully dressed, and though kind was rather cold, and preserved an impressive and stately manner. He was full of interest in America and predicted that it would excel in the arts of design, citing as a proof of this latent talent the fashion introduced by American papers of illustrating their advertisements by pictures. He also talked at some length about Byron, and took it for granted that 'Manfred' was founded on 'Faust.'

Early in the following spring [1822] he went on to Naples and Paestum, returning by the coast to Leghorn. While there the romance of the Mediterranean shore seems to have affected him as it has so many fresh and receptive spirits. Rowing far out to sea, he leaped in and swam toward shore, but escaped the sad fate which befell Shelley only a few weeks later, at Spezzia. The American squadron was lying at the time in the harbor of Leghorn, and Bancroft was invited by the commodore to meet Byron aboard the flagship. There were present only a few other Americans, among them the consul at Tunis, with his wife and several ladies. When the poet, accompanied by his host and the principal officers of the fleet, came up the companionway, his countenance immediately fell at the sight of the ladies among the new arrivals, thinking probably that they were Englishwomen who had taken advantage of the opportunity to spy him out. But on learning that they were Americans he at once recovered his cheerfulness, and was most approachable. In fact, when the consul's wife laughingly said that her children would want some proof that she had seen Lord Byron, she was permitted to take the rose from his buttonhole. Before leaving, the nobleman's secretary invited Bancroft in his master's name to visit Monte Nero. So intense was the enthusiasm for Byron among the officers of the fleet that when he was rowed ashore one captain manned his yard-arms and fired a salute, but the commodore, feeling that the guest of the day had no position which warranted so official a greeting, allowed it to go no further. Shortly afterward Bancroft wrote a note to ask if he might call at Monte Nero and received a pleasant, lively reply. Byron's reception of his guest was cordial. He was simply but carefully dressed, and during the breakfast talked of Jeffrey and the bitter attacks of *The Edinburgh Review*. His eye was bright and his manner animated, but without bitterness or rancor. He seemed intensely interested in Goethe, and asked many questions about him. The idea that 'Manfred' was based on 'Faust' he declared to be false, explaining that he had never even seen 'Faust.' He was evidently delighted to hear how great a favorite he was everywhere in Germany. He spoke also of Thorwaldsen's busts, and said, with seeming dissatisfaction, the last one was too spare. After breakfast he invited Bancroft into the drawing-room, from the windows of which he said Elba was visible, as indeed it was, but very dimly. While they were standing absorbed in trying to discern its outlines, the door opened softly, and a light footstep was heard. It was that of the Countess Guiccioli, and without the slightest embarrassment Byron turned and presented Bancroft to her. She at once made some introductory remark in Italian and talked for some time. The conversation became general, and in the course of it Byron remarked, incidentally, that the Countess did not like the scoffing tone of 'Don Juan,' and had entreated him not to go on with it, and that he had received letters from others to the same effect. That Bancroft's visit was remem-

bered with pleasure is evident, both from the letters to Murray in which Byron alludes to his young visitor, and from the presentation copy of 'Don Juan,' with the author's autograph, still in Bancroft's library.

Apropos of the publication of the third volume of the last edition of the History, *The Critic* of Jan. 5, 1884, contained these words:—

It is in condensation, almost entirely, that this revision differs from the work as originally published, and it is quite worth while for a young writer to make a studious comparison of the two in the formation of a style. We recall nothing like it in literature. Mr. Bancroft has been engaged upon this history at least half a century, beginning when he was not much more than thirty years of age. He brought to it all the enthusiasm of youth, and he wrote in the almost florid style then more popular—perhaps we should say then more tolerated—than it is now. He maintained it essentially to his tenth volume, chastened and sobered somewhat by increase of years, and possibly by the change of style, especially historical style, which grew up in the meanwhile. At the age of fourscore he remodels the work, but almost solely in this particular. In the revision we have absolutely the same work, save that it is pruned of its redundancy of tropes and figures, of its flights of the imagination, of its adjectives and of its expletives, of its 'entossymoosy' generally. The result is remarkable. The history is cut down at least a third by this process alone, and has not only lost nothing, but is absolutely improved, as indeed it could hardly fail to be. In this respect it is a practical work upon rhetoric, the like of which we know nowhere else, and is a curious study. As the Bancroft History of the United States, this revision must supersede all former editions.

[*The New York Times*, Oct. 13, 1890.]

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 12.—With the 3d day of October the Hon. George Bancroft completed ninety years of life. Until within two or three years the venerable historian has taken much pleasure in the return of this anniversary and has made it the occasion of pleasure and enjoyment to his friends. It was his annual custom to entertain his personal companions and associates with that charming hospitality and grace which have ever marked his intercourse with society, and which have delighted all who have come within its influence. Of late, however, his declining health has compelled him to abandon these entertainments and to observe the day more quietly. . . . The past summer Mr. Bancroft has been rarely seen in public. His exercise has been confined to carriage riding and walking about his grounds, and even this has been very gentle and somewhat irregular. His carriage riding has indeed been infrequent, even this exertion being too severe a strain upon his delicate health to be often indulged. Occasionally, however he has been seen reclining upon the soft cushions of a victoria or landau, and evidently enjoying the air and sunshine.

The Death Roll

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS, the young poet, died in Philadelphia on Wednesday, Jan. 21. His poems found ready acceptance in the leading literary magazines, where many of them have appeared, and several are yet to be published. His only collection of verses was one made in conjunction with his friend, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., and entitled 'Hello, My Fancy!' This little volume, published in 1887, was highly commended by the reviewers. He possessed a rare and genuine lyrical gift, and his late work showed a fine imaginative quality which promised much. During the past year, until prevented by illness, he had been revising his poems with the idea of making a new volume. It is to be hoped that his friends will see that such a volume is prepared. He was a member of the Pegasus Club, which is composed of the leading literary men of Philadelphia, and he was greatly beloved by all who knew him. Sunny and gentle in disposition, affectionate to his friends, modest among men, generous and noble-hearted,—such was this young poet, just entered upon his career, and now dead at the age of thirty-three. Mr. Lúders leaves a wife and four little children.

Mary Spear Tiernan, author of 'Homoselle' (1881) and 'Jack Horner' (1890)—two novels of Southern life that have been highly spoken of in these columns,—and of a number of short stories, died of pneumonia in Baltimore on Jan. 13, after a few days' illness. Mrs. Tiernan was the daughter of the late Richard C. Nicholas, for many years District Attorney for Virginia, and the grand-daughter of Robert C. Nicholas, Treasurer of the State of Virginia during the Revolution. Her early life was spent in Richmond. In 1873 she was married to Mr. Charles Tiernan, a Baltimore merchant, who was once United States Consul at Mexico. In 1886 her husband died. Mrs. Tiernan was a contributor to *The Century* and *Scribner's* and the old *Southern Review*. She was a woman of strong character and keen wit, says the *Baltimore Sun*, and brought to bear upon her literary work the advantages of a scholarly education. It was her intention to devote herself in future to essays rather than fiction. Mrs. Tiernan was an active member of the Woman's

Literary Club of Baltimore, and had read several interesting papers this winter at the weekly meetings. She helped to organize it, and was much interested in its progress and success. At a memorial meeting of the Club, to be held at an early date, a sketch of her life and work will be read.

King Kalakaua of Hawaii, who died at San Francisco on the 20th inst., and whose remains were removed on the American flag ship Charlesten two days later, after imposing funeral ceremonies, was the author of 'Legends and Myths of Hawaii,' written in collaboration with ex-Minister Daggett, and published in July, 1889, by Chas. L. Webster & Co. of New York; and of a still unpublished work, 'The Temple of Religion.' He was a clever and cultivated man, and the first crowned head to circumnavigate the globe.

[The Pall Mall Gazette]

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* states that Dr. Schliemann was suffering with severe pains in his ears, which compelled him to stay at Naples. On his way to pay his second visit to the physician on Christmas Day, Schliemann had an attack which robbed him, not of consciousness, but of the power of speech, near the Piazza della Santa Carita. A policeman took him to a hospital, which, however, declined to receive him, as it is intended only for severely wounded persons. When taken to the police office, Schliemann, who was still unable to speak, was examined with a view to discovering who he was, but no clue and no money were found, but only a letter from Dr. Cozzolini. The police sent for the latter, and he at once recognized the patient. Schliemann appeared quite poor, but Cozzolini declared this to be a mistake, and on more careful examination a purse of gold was found on the patient. Schliemann, however, remained unable to speak, though he was able to eat a little after his arrival in his hotel. Then the well-known German surgeon, Prof. von Schrönn, was called in, and he cut open the diseased ear, and removed all that had to be removed, but he stated that the disease had already gone deep into the head. The question of trepanning was not to be decided till the next day. The patient had a pretty good night, and felt tolerably well the next forenoon, but he died without a struggle, while eight doctors, all leading authorities, were consulting about the question of trepanning.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THERE has been a gratifying growth, since last May, of the fund for the erection of the marble arch in Washington Square. Notwithstanding the discontinuance of the public appeal at the time mentioned, the following sums have been received by the Treasurer, Mr. William R. Stewart, 54 William Street, the names in italics (except that of *The Evening Post*) being those of subscribers who have already contributed to the fund.

\$500 each:—*Mrs. Lispenard Stewart, Miss Serena Rhinelander, Miss Julia Rhinelander, Alfred Corning Clark.*

\$250 each:—*William E. Dodge, Henry G. Marquand, Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, Edward S. Clark.*

\$100 each:—*The Evening Post, William M. Kingsland, William R. Stewart, Charles G. Franclyn, Archbishop Corrigan, Joseph Stickney, Fred. Butterfield & Co., James McCreery & Co.*

\$50 each:—*Gordon L. Ford, E. L. Godkin, Brooks Bros., Probst & Co., Henry W. Bibby.*

\$25 each:—*William A. Coffin, Mrs. William Beston Griffin, Dr. Morgan Dix, Harris & Russak.*

\$10:—*Gardner & Vail.*

\$6.50:—*Customer of Pomeroy Bros.*

\$5 each:—*Charles Dexter Cleveland, Treadwell Cleveland, Jr., Reginald McIntosh Cleveland, Leslie Pell Clark.*

The total of these subscriptions is \$4,186.50, which, added to the sum on hand in May, 1890, makes a total of \$87,700.90. The Shakespeare Society has offered to give a concert in aid of the fund on the evening of Washington's Birthday, and an offer to give a benefit lecture on the same evening has also been received.

The second number of *The Chimney-Seat*, an illustrated paper, 'published as often as we can get it out,' made its appearance last month. As the first number appeared in December, 1890, the periodicity of the sheet, at that time undetermined, would appear to be a year. As in the case of the earlier number, the proceeds of the present one are to be turned over to Treasurer Stewart as a contribution to the Memorial Arch fund. *The Chimney-Seat* is edited by Masters Rodman de Kay Gilder and Owen M. Johnson, and is published at 55 Clinton Place. Among its contents is an interesting memoir, with illustrations, of the late Master Frank Lloyd Drake, the art superintendent of the paper, whose promising life was cut short last October.

The Fine Arts

The Seney Collection

MR. GEORGE I. SENEY does not seem to have either learned or forgotten much during his career as a collector of paintings. The collection now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries is, we believe, the second which he has gathered and sold, or offered for sale. It contains paintings to suit every taste, but principally such works as are most in demand. That there are more very good pictures than poor ones is no doubt largely due to the improvement in the taste of the public which has taken place since Mr. Seney's first sale.

The managers of the galleries have done well in hanging together paintings by the same man. Half a dozen Corots or Daubignys are much less likely to have an injurious effect on one another than they would have on works of some entirely different sort of painting. The Corots, all of small size, include two characteristic figure-pieces and one or two landscapes of fine quality, 'The Environs of Paris' (No. 28) being, in our opinion, the best. Of Jules Dupré Mr. Seney has three sea-pieces, full of movement, and a moonlight effect of uncommon power. Diaz is represented by figure subjects, flowers and landscapes, of which 'The Approaching Storm' among the rocky heights of the forest of Fontainebleau is the most remarkable. J. F. Millet is represented by one important picture, 'Waiting'; but of his followers, Lerolle and Cazin, there are many examples; and, notwithstanding their porcelain-like texture, several of them are of conspicuous merit. Cazin's moonlight views of white-washed village streets are so pretty as to be almost beautiful.

Recent importations of works by the masters of the French school of 1830 have induced the owner of the collection to invest in a few examples of Delacroix and Isabey of no very great interest, and some small but good pictures by Decamps. German picture-buyers will find German painters, like Kraus, Schreyer, and Edelfeldt, pretty well represented; and there are some American paintings of average merit by Messrs. Boughton, Gifford, Inness, Millet and others.

The Proposed Exhibition in 1892

AT A second meeting held on Tuesday evening at the studio of Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, 114 West 18th Street, to consider the advisability of holding a comprehensive exhibition of American art, both retrospective and contemporaneous, in the spring of 1892, a letter was read from the National Academy of Design, in which was inclosed a resolution of the Council declaring that it had not been deemed advisable to send delegates, because it was believed that the advancement of American art would be prompted 'by building up existing art institutions rather than weakening them by the creation of a new society.' As no new society was proposed, Mr. Stanford White moved—and the resolution was unanimously adopted,—'That the organization and control of the scheme be turned over to the Academy of Design, Society of American Artists, the Institute of Architects, the Water-Color society, the Architectural League, the American Fine Arts Society and such other societies as they may deem best to associate with them, for them to act as they deem best for the interests of American art and the exhibition, and that a committee be appointed by the chair to inform these societies of this resolution, and to request them to act upon it.' The Chairman thereupon appointed the following committee:—Stanford White, American Institute of Architects; Augustus St. Gaudens, Society of American Artists; William A. Coffin, Architectural League of New York; Howard R. Butler, American Fine Arts Society; J. G. Brown, American Water-Color Society; Louis C. Tiffany, National Academy of Design; Childe Hassam, New York Water-Color Club.

Jarvis McEntee

JARVIS MCENTEE, the landscape-painter, died at his home at Rondout, N. Y., on Tuesday afternoon. He was born at that place on July 14, 1828. In the winter of 1850-51 he studied in this city with F. E. Church, and first exhibited at the Academy of Design in 1853. He was elected an Associate in 1860 and an Academician the next year. In 1869 he visited Europe, sketching in Italy and Switzerland and studying in the principal galleries on the Continent. He usually delineated nature in her more sombre aspects, and he was especially successful with autumnal scenes. The newspapers mention as his more important works 'The Melancholy Days Have Come' (1860), 'Indian Summer' (1861), 'Late Autumn' (1863), 'October Snow' (1870), 'Sea from Shore' (1873), 'Cape Ann' (1874), 'A Song of Summer' (1876), 'Winter in the Mountains' (1878), 'Clouds' (1879), 'The Edge of a Wood' (1880), 'Kaatskill River' (1881), 'Autumn Memory' (1883), 'Shadows of

Autumn' and 'The Kaatskills in Winter' (1884). 'Christmas Eve' (1885), 'Shadows of Autumn' (1886), 'Autumn Sunshine and Shadow' (1888), and 'November' and 'The Far West' (1889).

Art Notes

THE twenty-four impressionistic pictures by Mr. J. Alden Weir, shown at Blakeslee's Galleries, Fifth Avenue, from Jan. 21 to Feb. 7, show a new side of the painter's talent, and are remarkable as being the first successful attempts in their manner (except Mr. Theodore Robinson's) by an American painter. The choice of a blue tone, of a very rude style of handling and extreme inattention to detail, which are among the conventional licenses taken by the school, lead to a poor result in two only of the paintings. Both of these are figure-subjects, 'The Christmas Tree,' with a little girl standing by it, and a portrait of a blue-eyed young lady in a light-blue gown, holding a bunch of 'Nasturtiums.' Considered as a sketch, this last would be satisfactory; but it aims at being more than a mere sketch. 'Drilling Rock,' another figure-piece, is more successful; and many views of cold, foggy hill-sides, rough stone fences and leafless November woods are very enjoyable. In such subjects there can be no question that the artist justifies his new departure. They give one the 'impression' of frosty or foggy air and of the peculiar bleakness of American winter landscapes.

—Mr. Hopkinson Smith has on exhibition at Avery's gallery a collection of water-colors made during a trip to Venice and Constantinople. An Oriental breath of light and intensity of shadow mark his 'High Noon—Venice' and 'Old Mosque at Scutari'; but to most northern eyes, including Mr. Smith's, the Orient is grey and somewhat monotonous in color. The deeper tones of 'Across the Marsh' and 'Washday in Brittany' are more pleasing than the glare of 'High Noon' and the dusty 'Plaza of the Valed Mosque,' artistically 'keyed up' as the latter is with touches of color in the costumes. About a dozen of the sketches are from Venice. The rest are divided between scenes in Constantinople and in northern Italy and France.

—Some 130 paintings by M. F. H. de Haas, N. A., were exhibited at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, on Jan. 29 and 30. All were sea-pieces, of very even quality, showing a respectable degree of skill and knowledge. Among the best were 'Marblehead Harbor,' 'Misty Morning, Southampton,' 'A Passing Summer Shower,' 'Boats off Thatcher's Island' and 'A Thunder Squall.' In the last the movements of storm clouds were very well studied and expressed.

—The exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts date from 1806, but not without interruption. The sixty-first was opened this week with 1200 canvases. Thomas Eakins shows a portrait of Walt Whitman, and Alexander Harrison and William L. Dodge each display a large number of pictures. Kenyon Cox, Abbott H. Thayer, Clifford Grayson, John Sargent, and many other well-known artists are represented.

—Mr. J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, is rewriting the lectures on anatomy which he delivered at the Art Students' League some years ago, and which he has recently repeated at the Sharp Art School. He treats the subject from the artist's standpoint rather than the surgeon's—in other words, in describing the human body he deals with appearances rather than with causes. The lectures will probably be collected and published in book form.

—The *Portfolio* for January has for frontispiece a fine etching of the portrait by Velasquez of Don Adrian Pulido-Pareja, Captain-General of the Armada. Another good etching is 'The Choristers,' after Dawant. William H. Hunt's celebrated candlelight effect in 'The Doubtful Coin' is extremely well reproduced in one of the illustrations to an article on the painter by Mr. F. G. Stephens. 'The Cross, Winchester,' is etched by Herbert Railton in his somewhat spotty manner. Rue St. Severin, Paris, is described by Mr. G. Grahame, and several of Mr. George Reid's excellent drawings of Edinburgh are reproduced in a notice of Mrs. Oliphant's book, 'Royal Edinburgh,' in which they originally appeared.

—The February *Art Amateur* is a collectors' number. There is a long notice of the coming sale of Mr. Brayton Ives's collection of rare books, Chinese porcelains, and Japanese swords; a critical article on the Seney collection; and several shorter articles of interest to the curious in like matters. The color-plates given with the number are a companion piece to the panel of climbing kittens in a recent number, and an excellent study of 'Roses,' by Miss Patty Thum. The kittens are intended for the upright panels of a nursery mantel-piece.

—A series of tableaux will be given by members of the Kit-Kat Club and their friends, under the direction of J. H. Dolph, President, at the Berkeley Lyceum, on the evenings of Feb. 13-14, for

the benefit of the evening life-classes of the Club. The following artists will take part in the arrangement of the tableaux: William M. Chase, J. H. Dolph, C. Y. Turner, J. Carroll Beckwith, J. Wells Champney, Percy Moran, Leon Moran, Walter Satterlee and William L. Dodge. Musical features will be contributed by Victor Dangon, Wakefield Reed, and a quartet. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. Loomis and others will tell stories or deliver recitations.

Why Mr. Ives Sells his Collection

[From an article in *The New York Times*]

MANY are the conjectures as to his reason for suddenly disposing himself of treasures like his first editions, his Chinese porcelains, and his marvelous jades. Mr. Ives is not the man to take the world into his confidence, but prefers to let it do all the guessing it will. A guess may be made, then, that Mr. Ives is undergoing one of those reactions which may be noted in most men with hobbies. Every now and then, under certain circumstances, they 'swear off' from their favorite pursuit, vowing that the worry, the care of keeping their collection in good order, the necessity of having the future thereof on the mind, and the bother from people who know of their hobby and hope to profit by it, have combined to ruin their pleasure. This fit does not usually last long, but, while it is on, collectors often take steps to dispose of their collections which cannot be recalled. The fact that Mr. Ives's family is abroad, the house dismantled, and the collections packed away in safe-deposit buildings may give one key to this unexpected move. Meantime the dispersal of these objects among our museums and amateurs is by no means a bad thing. The American public likes nothing better than an auction of costly pictures and bric-à-brac, for the least knowing can always extract some pleasure from the announcement that a book or a piece of porcelain has reached a giddy figure under the excitement of bidding. And Mr. Ives has always bought things which are liable to arouse the combativeness of amateurs to the highest pitch. Beginning gradually and avoiding notice in his purchases, he has drifted into a position where dealers in Orientalia and costly volumes always take care to notify him in private of some very choice article before admitting the coy secret to other collectors. The prices he has been known to pay have often taken away the breath of hardy buyers, and not the least interest attaching to the sale of his hoards will be the commercial one, whether a given article will reach or surpass the figure given by him.

If the Ives collection transcends others in any one branch, that branch is Chinese jade. At times he has lent some of his pieces to the exhibitions of the Union League, but these represent only a portion of the collection which crowded his drawing-rooms and caused his house to be overstocked with precious things. In the same way his pictures have appeared to the public which has access to that club by card of invitation. Mr. Ives is pretty certain to drop into the path of Mr. Seney soon after the present collection is dispersed. It is hardly possible that the habit of collecting can absolutely desert a man while he is still in his vigorous years. . . .

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have just been reading *The Critic* of Jan. 17, and on pages 35 and 36 I find an article from the *Tribune* concerning Mr. Brayton Ives's books. It was evidently written without due knowledge, for it affirms that his copy of Pynson's 'Ship of Fools' (1509) is the only one in the country. I felt sure we had one in the collection lately acquired from Mr. Henry Probasco of Cincinnati, and on going up-stairs I found a copy—bound by Pratt in full black morocco. Mr. Probasco has printed his catalogue and a copy is in the Astor Library. 'Alcraus' should be Alciati. There is a fine collection of his works and Holbein's 'Dance of Death' in the G. E. Bears collection. Anent the Grolier bindings, we could make a good display from the Probasco collection. There are, also, copies of the first, second and fourth Folios, old missals and books-of-hours, and Persian and Arabic MSS.

NEWBERRY LIBRARY, } G. E. WIRE, M.D.,
CHICAGO, Jan. 20, 1891. } Superintendent Medical Department.

Literature as a Trade

[Mr. Edmund Gosse, in *The St. James's Gazette*.]

THE DAY is long past when the Muses lived in retired and modest seclusion, in a place that smelt 'sweet as the vestry of the oracles.' Those ladies came up to town many years ago, and are well known to have cultivated business habits. They are no more afraid of its being understood that they work for money than a reduced viscountess blushes to have it said that she sells bonnets under a pseudonym. But the importance which they attach to the commercial aspect of their duties, and their extreme anxiety to take

care of the pence, have never been insisted upon as they have quite lately. Literature, which was still looked upon in 1889 as a sort of profession, is treated in 1890 as a mere trade; and it seems worth while to note this curious change of sentiment, and to gauge the effect which it will produce. The signs of the new position are too numerous to be overlooked. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Walter Besant wrangle about the number of literary persons in Britain who earn a thousand a year—that very princely sum. A congress of unfortunate foreigners of dubious distinction, invited by nobody knows whom, meet in the golden recesses of the Mansion House, and talk, in French, for a week, about the way in which more francs may be secured in this way and that way and the other. And, finally, the columns of the *Times* reverberate for many successive days with angry voices discussing whether or no the chromolithography of a certain 'Palestinian' divine (as they say in America) is properly paid with eight, or eight thousand, or eight hundred thousand guineas.

That literary work, like all other work, should be honestly and sufficiently rewarded, is so obvious that it seems hardly necessary to go on repeating it. What appears to a mere child of nature extraordinary is that so great a wrangle and a chatter should be made about the returns of this one particular kind of employment. It cannot be on account of the huge sums involved. A maker of agricultural machinery or of ordnance, the proprietor of a large mill or of a successful patent medicine, would scoff at the figures which are bandied to and fro in the existing discussion. If money-making is the first object, and if it needs transcendent gifts to make 8000*l.* in twenty years, those gifts might surely with advantage be diverted to the selling of dairy produce. In spite of all that is said about its profits, literature remains, and is likely to remain, the only profession in which the most genuinely successful man cannot make a comfortable living. Not all the optimism of Mr. Walter Besant is likely to rob it of this unique distinction. Why, then, are the modest emoluments of such a poor trade the object of keen public curiosity? This is a conundrum to which I cannot even suggest an answer.

It may be asked whether I think there are no abuses in the publishing trade, and whether I ignore or depreciate the service of the Society of Authors. Neither the one nor the other. I am afraid that there have been, and perhaps even still are, irregularities and injustices which require to be remedied. I have been admitted to the debates of the Society of Authors, and have been proud to think that I was allowed to share in work so obviously useful. But I fancy that there are dangers even in the necessary process of reform; and I dread that the personal interests of authors may be given a prominence which will be injurious to the development of literature. The present extravagant curiosity about 'royalties' and 'intellectual property' and the like goes far beyond the circle of those who are disinterestedly trying to remove certain trading anomalies. It begins to supersede all other curiosity about literature. This species of talk pervades what is styled 'literary gossip.' Do you know that Orpheus has published a new volume of his 'Argonautics' Ah! that magnificent passage about the Sirens and the sunset! And are you aware that he insisted on being paid five pounds a line for it? You have seen, of course, the new Nemean ode that Pindar has written in honor of young Adrastus, who won the glove-fight at the Cormorant Club? Oh! such a splendid stanza about the sunlight flashing off his left elbow; and they say that the father—the great soap-boiler, you know—is so pleased that he has sent Pindar a cheque for a thousand pounds! Pindar, very properly, could not cash it till the old fellow had altered it to guineas. I venture to ask whether all the columns of correspondence in last week's *Times* amounted to much more than this?

Why such curiosity about literary prices is unwholesome is, that it tends to make money the standard in a species of labor where the rewards are in no degree analogous to the deserts. It directly encourages the measurement of intellectual prestige by the amount which an intellectual product fetches in the market. It leads at once to deadly errors of taste. If gaudy 'Lives of Christ' are valued at 4000*l.* apiece, what is the price of divinity by a Lightfoot or a Westcott? Four millions might perhaps be taken as an average answer, if this is to be a simple sum in the rule of three. But the retailer of gossip pursues his inquiries, and discovers that theology, as it was and is understood at Durham, is practically not rewarded at this rate. The concentration of his attention on price immediately thereupon produces its effect on his taste. The direct result is that he makes up his mind to regard the famous Bishops as persons of very much smaller literary importance than he had vaguely believed them to be. They are weighed in the golden balances and found wanting. They are looked upon as two small hosiers might be, measured by the magnitude of Mr. Whiteley.

How far we have diverged, in these last days, from the ambition of Keats, who desired to live like those primitive Sicilian bards,

who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears. . . .
. . . my song should die away
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

That is the last thing that our modern authors are expected to be content with. Yet sooner or later, unless literature is doomed to pass into a mechanism and disappear, the spirit that actuated the noble and poor masters of our language must be revived. It may safely be said that no great work in prose or verse was ever yet composed primarily for the purpose of making as much money as possible. The very spontaneity of the art would disappear in so gross a fume. Nor will those men and women who are led by the current gossip to 'take up' literature as a trade, and to write novels, theology, or criticism, for the sake of competing successfully with the best-paid favourites of the hasty public, add anything at all to the riches of our language. The tendency of the moment is to reverse the natural order of things. The principle nowadays is not to write because we must, and then, if necessary, to sell the product, but to write for money mainly, and to get praise and pleasure, if possible into the bargain.

There should be a little modesty, one feels, in this pursuit of the guineas. It looks as though authors were such a hungry set that the mere jingle of gold intoxicated them. A measure of dignity must surely be aimed at, even by novelists, or we shall refuse to be interested in plots that are sold across the counter, like cheese, or love-passages that are plainly ticketed as 'very cheap at 3*s.* 11*d.*' No one wants to return to the old hypocrisy about 'obliging the town' or 'publishing at the earnest request of friends.' There need be no mock modesty about the processes of literary business. Manuscripts must be sold, agreements entered into, and a proper care taken that the author does not let himself be defrauded. But these functions should be performed in private, not flaunted before the public. I no more desire to know what my neighbor the poet makes by his verses than I crave to see the account-books of my other neighbour the lawyer. I am anxious that each of them should make the best of both worlds—the world of praise and the world of profit; but I am not listening at either wall to hear the clink of the money-bags. It is time that literary people should be requested to show the same decent reserve about their money matters which is shown by doctors and stockbrokers and shopkeepers.

The Review of Reviews in America

THE great success of *The Review of Reviews* in this country as well as at home has encouraged Mr. Stead to look for a still larger constituency for the paper here than he could hope to secure so long as it was edited with an eye single to the needs of British readers. He has therefore determined to issue an edition prepared expressly for readers on this side of the Atlantic by one in touch with the American public. His choice of an associate could not have been better; for he has selected as his representative Mr. Albert Shaw, associate editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, whose recent articles on municipal government, in *The Century* and *The Contemporary Review*, have shown a thoroughness in the preparation of facts and a clearness in their presentation too seldom found in periodical literature. Mr. Shaw is a Ph.D. of Johns Hopkins University, a special student of sociological subjects, and an experienced journalist, though only thirty-three or -four years of age. Under his vigorous direction there can be no doubt of the popularity and prosperity of the American edition of the *Review*.

As to its future publication, *The Critic Co.*, having learned by experience the difficulty of issuing a periodical edited and put in type at a point 3000 miles distant, with an ocean of water and a Custom House between, offered, at the close of 1890, to continue publishing the American edition, provided its editorial as well as business management should be transferred to New York. Mr. Stead, not unnaturally, declined this proposition, and accepted the alternative, which was that he should assume undivided responsibility for the magazine in America as well as in England. Mr. Shaw will, accordingly, be responsible only to his chief in London, an arrangement having been made by which *The Critic Co.*, for a consideration entirely satisfactory to both parties, relinquishes its interest in the *Review*. That company will, however, pending further negotiations, continue to publish the American edition, which at an early date will not only be re-edited for this market, but printed from type set up on American soil. Its subscribers may therefore expect, not only to receive a better magazine than heretofore, but also to have it mailed to them with a regularity and promptness hitherto impossible.

Of the current number of *The Review of Reviews*, which will be issued at once, the chief feature will be an article entitled 'Can

Cancer be Cured?' A visit to Count Mattei is challenged to the doctors, with letters from Prof. Huxley, Prof. Tyndall, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and others. The proposed experimental hospital is described and fully illustrated. The Character Sketch is devoted to the late Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, and will contain many unpublished letters from Dean Church himself, Canon Liddon and Dean Stanley. There is also a complete collection, in reduced facsimile, of the Irish caricatures that have appeared during the present Home Rule crisis. An excellent likeness of Mr. Shaw, the American editor of the *Review*, is presented in this number.

Notes

MACMILLAN & Co. announce 'Social Diseases and Worse Remedies,' being Prof. Huxley's letters to the London *Times* in examination of the scheme of Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army. As an introductory essay will be reprinted an article on 'Industrial Development,' which originally appeared in *The Nineteenth Century*. The same house promises for early publication a Life of the Right Hon. Arthur McE. Kavanagh, who was born without arms or legs, yet sat in Parliament for many years and yachted, hunted and shot, 'carrying on the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman and landlord.'

'Told after Supper,' a series of brief burlesque ghost-stories, by Jerome K. Jerome, will soon be issued by Henry Holt & Co. The tales are represented as told in good faith by their narrators, yet 'the reader is sometimes let into a hint of realistic explanation which gives the touch of good-natured satire characteristic of the author.' The book abounds in humorous illustrations.

Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia' will appear on Feb. 16 from the press of Funk & Wagnalls. An introduction has been written for it by Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Sir Edwin has left Japan for England.

Mr. Rider Haggard is reported, in a telegram from New Orleans, to have made a literary alliance, offensive and defensive, with Mr. W. H. Ballou, who is an American citizen and can therefore secure legal protection in this country for his own and his partner's joint productions.

The fourth (February) number of *Far and Near*, the organ of the Working Girls' Societies, is published by The Critic Co. this week. Twelve State correspondents have been added to the staff of the paper, and the pressure upon its columns has increased to such an extent that it is necessary to print twenty instead of sixteen pages of reading-matter.

A manuscript found among the papers of Frederick S. Cozens, who wrote the 'Sparrowgrass Papers,' will be printed as the complete novel in the March *Lippincott's*. It is called 'The Sound of a Voice.'

The first part of a new story by Prof. Boyesen, 'The Wonder Child,' appears in *Harper's Young People* of Jan. 27. The same number contains the continuation of Howard Pyle's mediæval romance, 'Men of Iron,' and a short story by Dora Read Goodale, entitled 'How I Saw a Heroine.'

Dr. Smiles's memoir of John Murray is announced by the successor of that famous publisher. The title is 'A Publisher and his Friends,' and it will contain selections from his correspondence. It is a little over a hundred and twelve years since John Murray was born. Dr. Smiles will give an account of the progress of the firm from its origin in 1768 down to 1843.

Dr. Philip Schaff has prepared a book on St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom, to lead off a comprehensive series of Studies in Christian Biography undertaken by T. Whittaker.

The annual meeting of the New York Kindergarten Association was held on the 16th inst., and a good first year's work reported. Several hundred dollars were added to the society's depleted treasury on Thursday afternoon, the 22d, by Mrs. C. W. Richards's readings, and the songs of Signor Campanini and Mr. Perry Averill, at the Berkeley Lyceum.

Messrs. Beverley Chew, Marshall Lefferts and E. H. Bierstadt are compiling a Catalogue Raisonné of Elizabethan Literature, which is to be published by the Grolier Club.

The Unknown Library, a new series just begun by the Cassell Publishing Co., will consist of stories written by well-known writers who prefer for the nonce to write over pseudonyms. The books are to be long and narrow—just the right shape to slip readily into the pocket,—and bound in flexible cloth ornamented with an original design. The type is large and the margin generous. The first volume in the Library is 'Mlle. Ixe,' the story of a Russian nihilist, by Lanoe Falconer. 'The story of Eleanor Lambert,' by Magdalen Brooke, which will follow it, is in an entirely different

vein. 'Nature's Wonder Workers,' by Kate R. Lovell, a book for the young, is issued by the same firm.

Nearly eighteen pages of *The Publishers' Weekly* of Jan. 24 (the Annual Summary Number) are devoted to an excellent article on 'The Books of 1890,' by M. M. M. There is also an alphabetical index to all the books published in America during the past year.

Macmillan & Co. announce an edition of Lock's Arithmetic, revised and adapted for the use of American schools, by Prof. C. A. Scott of Bryn Mawr.

Mr. Edward Arnold, the London publisher, has just begun the publication of *Arnold's Literary List*, 'a carefully classified guide to the new literature of the United States and of France,' to be issued quarterly if not oftener.

A correspondent complains that Mr. Pellew, 'in his admirable résumé, of the important books of the decade, just finished,' omitted to mention the military stories of Capt. Charles King, and also said nothing of the many valuable cookery-books that have appeared during the period in question.

Henry Stevens & Son of 39 Great Russell Street, 'over against the British Museum,' are to bring out in February 'Appendiculae Historicae; or, Shreds of History Hung on a Horn,' a work on the history of the old French War in America, by Fred W. Lucas. They are also bringing out 'The Discovery of North America: A Critical and Documentary Investigation,' in two large volumes, by Henry Harris of Paris. Each of these works will appear in a large—as well as a small-paper edition.

Bangs & Co. will sell on Monday, Feb. 2, the books and engravings of the late John and George Matthews of this city, including many works illustrated by Cruikshank; and on Feb. 3 and 9, two miscellaneous collections.

The American Bookseller has offered three prizes, aggregating \$175, to the winners in a proposed competition in typesetting.

Mr. Francis P. Harper has printed for the Southern Society of this city a catalogue of the Garden Library of Southern Americana, founded in connection with the Society by Mr. Hugh R. Garden, formerly of South Carolina. It is Mr. Garden's intention to make the Library 'illustrative of Southern life from the earliest time to the present, and commemorative of Southern traditions, customs and manners, and to set forth the influence of the Southern element in the development of the nation's character.'

A limited edition, in two volumes, of the Sermons of Thomas Fuller, collected and edited by the late J. E. Bailey (Dr. Fuller's biographer) and his friend Wm. E. A. Axon, is announced by Messrs. Unwin Bros., London.

A book on the 'Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens,' by Robert Langton, will be published soon in London. It is said to consist largely of entirely original and interesting information. It will be illustrated with eighty-five wood-engravings from original drawings. There will be a limited edition on hand-made paper.

M. Sardou is not in sympathy with the advanced Republicanism of France, and on Monday night, after the second performance of his new play, 'Thermidor,' in which Paris under the Reign of Terror is depicted, there was a riot in the streets, and on Tuesday night the performance was not allowed to proceed. The Théâtre Français loses \$100,000 in advance bookings, it is said, besides the cost of mounting and preparation.

Brooklyn is one of the biggest cities in the Union, and the *Daily Eagle* Almanac for 1891 is well-proportioned to the extent of territory it covers, and the multifarious mass of information that will be sought (and found) within its 300 pages. It is a model handbook of its kind.

The *Independent*, in the forty-two years of its history, has seldom published a larger or more varied mass of reading-matter than is contained in its issue of this week.

A new edition of Grace Greenwood's 'Stories of My Childhood, and Other Tales,' revised by the author, has been brought out by the United States Book Co. The book has been made additionally attractive by a number of illustrations reproduced from drawings by Max Keppler.

Novello, Ewer & Co. have been made the American agents for the sale in America of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, 'Ivanhoe.'

Apocryph of the announcement of Dr. Brinton's proposed work, in which the various native races of America are to be classified by their languages, a Spanish reader sends us the title of a work published some twenty or thirty years ago by Manuel Orozco y Berra, the 'Geographia de las Lenguas y Carta Etnográfica de México'—an attempt to do for Mexico what the Philadelphian proposes doing for the whole of North and South America.

—At its largest gathering this season, the Nineteenth Century Club, on Thursday evening, Jan. 15, listened to Col. T. W. Higginson, Dr. Edward Eggleston and Mr. H. C. Bunner talk on 'Americanism in Literature; or, The New World and the New Book.' Col. Higginson spoke for the accurate portrayal of the character and intellectuality of the individual, citing Mr. Howells as a shining example in that line of work and praising him especially for 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.' He said that Margaret Fuller's criticism—'In fiction as in life we want to hear the excuses that men make to themselves for their own worthlessness'—was the truest ever written, and that if her words were used as the standard, fully three-quarters of the novels of fiction now in existence would be swept into oblivion. He thought American writers should depict the individuals of daily life instead of writing of the general instincts and manners of a class. Dr. Eggleston and Mr. Bunner, in the discussion which followed, upheld the writer of the romance and the exponent of the life and habits of the people in the various sections of this country. On Wednesday last Col. Higginson repeated his address before the Brooklyn Institute.

—A very distinguished body of men, members of the Massachusetts Historical Society and delegates from sister associations, celebrated on Saturday last the one hundredth anniversary of the Society's formation. The celebration occurred in the Arlington Street Church, Boston. The President, the Rev. Dr. Ellis, and an ex-President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, delivered brief addresses; and a more elaborate discourse, on 'History as an Inexact Science,' was made by Col. T. W. Higginson.

—Miss Jane Meade Welch of Buffalo read a paper on Alexander Hamilton in Mrs. Cleveland's drawing-room, in Madison Avenue, on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Welch has made American history her special study, and she has won the praise of so excellent a judge as Mr. John Fiske, as well as that of Prof. Richard T. Ely. She has the happy faculty of making hackneyed themes seem new, and she arouses enthusiasm in her audience by her treatment of subjects they have neglected since their school-days. During Lent Miss Welch will give a series of historical lectures at the Berkeley Lyceum.

—Mrs. Mary S. Robinson of Mamaroneck, N. Y., will read a paper on 'The Will' before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, at Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 3. At the last meeting of the Institute, it was announced that an endowment fund of \$15,000 had been secured, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt contributing about one-half of that amount.

—A series of notes upon and specimens of the old English dramatists is to be begun by Mrs. Erving Winslow at the Harvard Annex in February. It will consist chiefly of illustrative readings from the writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

—Mr. George W. Cable opened the Association Reading Course last Friday night, at Association Hall, this city, a large audience greeting with delight the return of an old favorite. His selections were from 'Posson Jone' and 'Bonaventure.'

—'The most dangerous attack on Greek in the schools and colleges yet made,' says *The Evening Post*, 'was made the other day in England, at a meeting of the Head Masters of the Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Clifton, and other schools.' Mr. Weildon, Head Master, advocated the abolition of obligatory Greek both at school and college, and the substitution of science, or modern languages, on two grounds. The first was the need of adapting education to individual tastes and capacity. The second was that the Greek language might be left in the hands of those who really loved it, and could cultivate it with success. Mr. Weildon came within two votes of carrying his resolution. 'We doubt if anything so ominous for Greek has yet occurred, for the English public schools are its stronghold to-day, and indeed England may be said to be its main champion,' says the *Post*. 'It has never struck such deep roots in education and general culture on the Continent or in this country.'

—Writing and publishing circles in London, according to the *Times's* correspondent, will be stirred up when the real meaning of an advertisement in the daily papers comes to be understood.

The announcement is of Ibsen's new play, 'Hedda Gabler,' which Mr. Heinemann publishes to-day with a warning that all the rights are reserved. The situation which this discloses is unique in the history of copyrights. As there is no copyright treaty between England and Norway, a London publisher named Walter Scott collected Ibsen's plays, and issued them in a pretty series edited by William Archer, paying Ibsen only such an honorarium as English authors get from honorable American publishers. Mr. Archer recently went to Munich to secure 'Hedda Gabler' and learned that Edmund Gosse had just purchased it for Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Archer, returning, announced his intention of reprinting it in Scott's series a month after the publication by Mr.

Heinemann. The latter immediately bought from Mr. Ibsen the right to the Norwegian original in England, and by publishing it in Norwegian here before it appeared in Norway, he secured an English copyright. Scott's intention of including it in his series is thus blocked, unless he buys the right of Heinemann at a round figure. The play itself is of the same unconventional, not to say unmentionable, class as 'Ghosts.'

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1601.—In Bowring's translation of 'Peter Schlemihl,' in the scene where the rejected and disconsolate Peter discovers a man's shadow flitting about 'on the sunny sand' and pursues it in the hope of attaching it to his own person, the text reads:—'On the morning of the fourth [day] I found myself on a shady plain, where the sun was shining brightly.' The shadow, when chased, flees 'to a distant wood.' Is there not here a mistranslation?—or did Chamisso, as well as Sir John, describe as 'shady' a plain on which the sun was 'shining brightly'?

NEW YORK.

[For 'sunny' read sandy. Chamisso's word is *sandigen*.]

1602.—Who wrote the song of which this is a stanza?

It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind;
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind;
Far away from home, O! it's still for you and me
That the broom is blowing bonnie in the North Country.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.

K. C.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Baring-Gould, S. Urith. 50c. | United States Book Co. |
| Black, W. Stand Fast, Craig-Royton. 1s. | Harper & Bros. |
| Boswell's Life of Johnson. Ed. by G. B. Hill. 6 vols. | Harper & Bros. |
| Campbell, H. Anne Bradstreet. \$1.25 | Boston: D. Lothrop Co. |
| Chamberlain, H. R. The Farmer's Alliance. | Minerva Pub. Co. |
| Cooley, A. K. Asaph. 50c. | United States Book Co. |
| Cross, J. The Days of my Years. \$1.50. | Thos. Whitaker. |
| DeLarante Scrap-Book. Compiled by F. Sanburn. | United States Book Co. |
| De Musset, A. Comedies. Ed. by S. L. Gwynn. 50c. | A. Lovell & Co. |
| Dufferin and Ava, Marchioness of. Our Viceregal Life in India. 2s. | Scribner & Welford. |
| Dunkley, H. Lord Melbourne. 50c. | Harper & Bros. |
| Farjeon, B. L. Merry, Merry Boys. 25c. | United States Book Co. |
| Gerard, E. and D. A Sensitive Plant. 50c. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Graham, Wm. Socialism New and Old. 50c. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Habberton, J. Mrs. Mayburn's Twins. 25c. | Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. |
| Harris, M. H. People of the Books. 50c. | Philip Cowen. |
| Hazell's Annual for 1891. Ed. by F. D. Price. \$1.50. | Scribner & Welford. |
| Holley, H. W. Odd Spell Verses. \$1.25 | Buffalo: C. W. Moulton. |
| Hurlbut, J. L. Old Testament History. 50c. | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Hylton, J. D. The Sea-King. 50c. | Palmyra, N. J.: J. D. Hylton. |
| Kipling, R. The Light that Failed. 50c. | United States Book Co. |
| Lamb, C. and M. Tales from Shakespeare's Comedies. | Harper & Bros. |
| Lewis, C. T. Elementary Latin Dictionary. 50c. | Harper & Bros. |
| MacLeod, N. The Starling. 50c. | A. D. F. Randolph & Co. |
| Marshall, E. Winchester Meads. \$1.25 | E. P. Dutton & Co. |
| Mitchell, S. W. Psalm of Death, and Other Poems. \$1.50. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Murray, J. O. Francis Whyland. \$1.25 | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Morley, H. English Writers. Vol. VI. From Chaucer to Caxton. Cassell Pub. Co. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Morley, J. Studies in Literature. \$1.50. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Neilson, G. Trial by Combat. 50c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| New York Charities Directory. | Charity Organisation Society. |
| Nichol, J. English Composition. 60c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Papers on School Issues of the Day. Nos. IX, X, and XI. | Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. |
| Parton, J. Captains of Industry. \$1.25 | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Perez, F. L. Record of Infant Life. 50c. | Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. |
| Plato's Gorgias. Ed. by G. Lodge. \$1.75 | Boston: Ginn & Co. |
| Portraits and Autographs. Ed. by W. T. Stead. \$1. | Chas. E. Merrill & Co. |
| Rawlinson, G. Isaac and Jacob. \$1. | A. D. F. Randolph & Co. |
| Redway, J. W. Reproduction of Geographical Forms. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. | D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Reid, T. W. Life, Letters and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes. 2 vols. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Reynolds, B. The Matchmaker. 50c. | Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. |
| Rockwell, J. Ringing Bells. \$1.25 | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Roosevelt, T. New York. \$1.25 | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Sabin, H. Organization and System, etc. | Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. |
| Schaff, P. Saint Chrysostom and Saint Augustine. 75c. | T. Whitaker. |
| Scott, F. N. Aesthetics. | Ann Arbor: Inland Press. |
| Scripture Selections. Compiled by J. L. Hurlbut. \$1.50. | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Seelye, J. H. Our Father's Kingdom. 50c. | A. D. F. Randolph & Co. |
| Seno, M. Fantasy. Tr. by H. Harland. | United States Book Co. |
| Shakespeare, W. Midsummer-Night's Dream. Ed. by K. Deighton. 40c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Shakespeare's Works. Ed. by W. A. Wright. Vol. I. \$3. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Smart, H. The Plunger. 50c. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Smith, H. B. A System of Christian Theology. 50c. | A. C. Armstrong & Son. |
| Southworth, E. D. E. N. Love's Labor Won. 25c. | Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. |
| Sterrett, J. M. Reason and Authority in Religion. \$1. | T. Whitaker. |
| S. W. P. Tim's Fairy Tales. 75c. | Chicago: Lily Pub. House. |
| Thomas, C. The Crystal Button. \$1.25 | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Valdes, Scum. | United States Book Co. |
| Walter, C. S. Rose-Ashes. | San Francisco: A. Murdock & Co. |
| Ward, H. My Life with Stanley's Rear-Guard. 50c. | C. L. Webster & Co. |
| Ward, H. University Hall: Opening Address. 50c. | Macmillan & Co. |

D. APPLETON & CO.'S

NEW BOOKS.

SOCIALISM NEW AND OLD.

BY PROF. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

Vol. LXVIII, International Scientific Series.
12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

"Prof. Graham's book may be confidently recommended to all who are interested in the study of Socialism, and not so intoxicated with its promises of a new heaven and a new earth as to be impatient of temperate and reasoned criticism."—*London Times*.

A SENSITIVE PLANT.

A New Novel

BY E. AND D. GERARD.

Joint authors of "Reata," "The Waters of Hercules," etc.

Is Now Ready.

No. 66, TOWN AND COUNTRY LIBRARY.
12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
1, 3, & 5 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Far and Near.

Published Monthly in the Interest of
Working Girls' Societies.

10 Cents a Copy. \$1 a Year.

The third (January) number contains:

EDITORIAL NOTES: THE USES OF DISCONTENT, THE COURAGE OF CONVICTIONS, A CRITICISM.

LONDON SIFTINGS, by CLARE DE GRAFFENRIED.
WHY DO PEOPLE LOOK DOWN ON WORKING GIRLS?

THE MCKINLEY BILL.

THOUGHTS FROM CLUB-MEMBERS ON THE ADOPTION OF A BADGE.

OLD YEAR, FAREWELL (Poem).

SARAH MARTIN (Biographical Sketch No. 3).

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY. THE FAIRIES' FESTIVAL (Poems by ELISE CHAPIN).

"HERE A LITTLE, AND THERE A LITTLE."

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE (Story), by LOUISE CLARE HOPPIN.

HOUSEKEEPING FOR TWO (Chap. 3), by ANNA BARROWS.

THE WORLD'S EVENTS.

TOPICS FOR TALKS.

HOUSEHOLD CORNER.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

BOOKS OLD AND NEW.

CLUB NOTES.

10 CENTS A COPY. \$1 A YEAR.

THE CRITIC CO.,

52 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

AMERICAN PLAN.

Opposite Trinity (Phillips Brooks) Church.

THE VICTORIA,

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Opposite New Old South and Art Club.

BARNES & DUNKLEE, PROPRIETOR.

Indigestion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A most excellent and agreeable tonic and appetizer. It nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body, imparts renewed energy and vitality, and enlivens the functions.

Dr. H. K. CLARKE, Geneva, N. Y., says:

"It has proved of great value for its tonic and revivifying influence."

Dr. J. H. STEDMAN, West Brattleboro, Vt., says:
"Best nerve tonic I ever used."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitation.



The Remington

has set the copy for writing machines for 15 years.

It is to-day the

Standard

and expects in the future as it has in the past, to lead all others in adding improvements to what will always be the true model of a

Typewriter

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass



ESSAYS

FROM

THE CRITIC.

BIOGRAPHICAL and critical papers by John Burroughs, Edmund C. Stedman, Walt Whitman, Dr. Edward Eggleston, R. H. Stoddard, Julia Ward Howe, Edmund Gosse, F. B. Sanborn, P. M. Potter, Dr. Henry W. Bellows, Edith M. Thomas and James Herbert Morse.

ONE VOLUME, 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.

HARPER'S MONTHLY SAYS:—The greater number of these selections will compare favorably, for grace and freedom of style, with the best work of the best modern critics and essayists, and several of them exhibit a subtlety and delicacy, combined with a quiet gravity and vigor of thought, such as is exhibited in few contributions to current literature.

THE CRITIC COMPANY,

52 Lafayette Place, New York.



MEMORIAL TABLETS

of any description erected in Schools, Colleges, Libraries, Chapels, Churches and Public Buildings. Send for illustrated hand-book.

J. & R. LAMB, 50 Carmine St., N. Y.



PHOTOGRAPHY

In its Perfection!

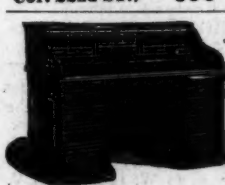
(INSTANTANEOUS.)

NEW STUDIO.

NO STAIRS TO CLIMB.

PACHBROS.

935 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



BANK & OFFICE FITTINGS.

Fine Brass Work.

SPECIAL DESIGNER.

APPLICATION.

A. H. Andrews & Co.

195 Wabash Av., Chicago.

Andrews Mfg. Co.

76 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.



The Caligraph

LIFESHORT WRITE OLD WAY

Address: The American Writing Machine Co., Hartford, Conn.; New York Office, 237 Broadway.

IDLE

Send for circulars to Wm. H. FARMENTER, General Agent of the WINNER INVESTMENT CO. 50 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Invested to yield a present income of from 6 per cent to 8 per cent with one half the profits.

MONEY

OLD AND RARE BOOKS.

LEGGAT BROS.'
Cheapest Bookstore in the World.
MILLION BOOKS, RARE
 CURIOUS & CURRENT.
 ON HAND
 LIBRARIES AND BOOKS BOUGHT.
 LIBRARIES FURNISHED CHEAPER THAN
 ANY BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD.
Mammoth Catalogue furnished upon application
LEGGAT BROTHERS,
 81 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK,
 Third door west of City Hall Park.

S. B. LUYSER,
 98 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK,
 AND LONDON, ENGLAND,
 Importer of Standard English Books
 OLD AND NEW.
 Catalogues issued bimonthly, and sent gratis
 to any address, on application.

STANDARD BOOKS IN FINE BINDINGS
 MY SPECIALTY.
HENRY MILLER,
 BOOKSELLER AND IMPORTER,
 65 NASSAU STREET,
 Bet. John and Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
 Autograph Letters for collections and extra-illustration; English, French and American authors Signers of Declaration of Independence, Presidents Civil War, Foreign, etc., etc. Send for price lists Autograph letters bought in any quantity.
 30 West 23d St., New York City.

THE JESTER.
 A beautifully illustrated, humorous weekly, 24 pages. Only \$2.00 a year. Write for specimens. THE JESTER, Philadelphia.
CLEOPATRA. A study, from the French of HENRY HOUSAYE. One vol., 16mo, \$1.00.
 DUPRAT & CO., 349 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

BOOKS.—AMERICAN AND NATURAL HISTORY. CATALOGUE No. 8 (1000 titles) now ready. S. H. CHADBOURNE, Dealer in Old Books and Magazines, 57 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass.

A CHILD'S ROMANCE.
 By PIERRE LOTI. *Authorized Edition.* One vol. 16 mo. paper, 50c. 12mo. cloth, \$1.00.
 Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
 W. S. GOTTSBERGER & CO., Publishers,
 11 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

TO AUTHORS.—The skilled criticism and revision of MSS of all kinds is the specialty of the N. Y. BUREAU OF REVISION. Advice as to publication; books seen through the press; direction of literary studies. Dr. TITUS MUNSON COAN, 20 W. 14th St., N. Y.

The Critic Clubbing List.

To accommodate subscribers who desire to obtain two or more periodicals through one agency and at reduced rates, we will, until further notice, receive orders for THE CRITIC and other reputable periodicals at reduced prices, which will be furnished on application.

Address, THE CRITIC COMPANY,
 52 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

FINE ART.

LANTHIER'S GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

22 EAST SIXTEENTH ST.,
 One Door WEST of Union Square. NEW YORK

Rare specimens of exquisitely carved Jade, Crystal and Agate may also be seen, together with Old English and Colonial Furniture and Silver, as well as Paintings by Old and Modern Masters, Tapestries and Bric-a-Brac generally, all at prices that will repay critical examination.

Wedding Gifts.

Beautifully painted Table Porcelain and Glass, Clocks, Bronze and Marble Statuary, etc.

Ovington Brothers,

Above } 330 } Near
 32d. } FIFTH AVENUE. } 33d.

BROOKLYN HOUSE, Fulton and Clark Sts.

Rare & Standard Second-Hand Books.
 BOOKS PURCHASED FOR CASH. CATALOGUES ISSUED.
 E. W. JOHNSON, 1336 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Back numbers of Harper, Century, and Scribner, 10 cents each. Other periodicals at equally low rates. Send for a catalogue. A. S. CLARK, 34 Park Row, New York City.

If you want back numbers of any Magazine or Review, write to H. WILLIAMS, 195 West 107th Street, N. Y. ST. NICHOLAS a specialty.

BOUND VOLUME OF

The Critic

July-December, 1890

NOW READY

Mailed to any address postage free
 for \$2.50

THE CRITIC Co.

52 & 54 LAFAYETTE PLACE, N. Y.

DRY GOODS.

Arnold, Constable & Co. SILKS.

Ball and Dinner Dress Fabrics.

VELOUTINES, SATINS.

EMBROIDERED MOUSSELINE DE SOIE,
 GRENADINES, GAZES,

CREPE DE CHINE,

Plain and Brocaded Veloutine

White and Colored Brocades and Satins.

Broadway & 19th St.,
 NEW YORK.

The bound volumes of THE CRITIC afford every half year the best and compactest literary record that a public or private library can put on its shelves. There is no other publication in America that rivals THE CRITIC in its field.
 —New York Sun.

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co., Merchant

Tailors and Importers,

16 West 23d Street,
 Opposite Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.

All the latest London fabrics regularly imported. Ladies Cloth Suits, Top Coats, Riding Habits, etc.

Frederick Koehler, GENTS' FASHIONABLE CUSTOM BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 10 ASTOR PLACE,
 6th door from Broadway, New York.

INSTRUCTION, Etc.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE TAUGHT
 Privately and in Class

EDITH KITCHING, 154 West 15th Street.

Miss Kitching has acquired, from residence abroad from infancy, pure accent and thorough familiarity with the language, and offers highest testimonials of the success of her methods.

DICTATION LITERARY TECHNICAL

at Office or Residence.
 CECILE BROWN and JEANNETTE BROWN,
 Stenographers, JUDGE BUILDING, 110 Fifth Ave.